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Saturday Review World

June 15, 1974

The Geography of Disgrace
A World Survey of Political Prisoners

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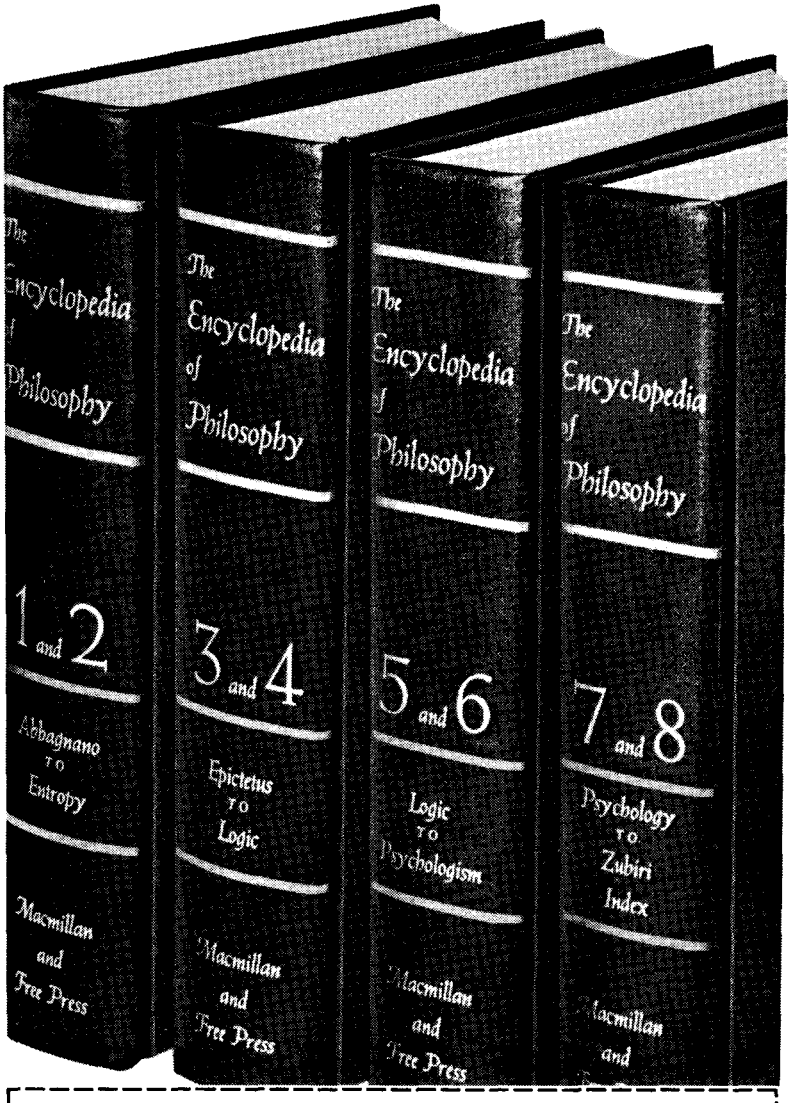

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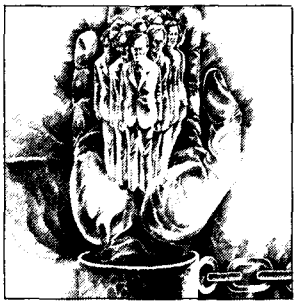

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From Hanover to Tbilisi

Tbilisi, U.S.S.R.

For five days in this colorful capital of Soviet Georgia, some thirty American and Soviet citizens met around a conference table and talked about the relations between their two countries and about the larger problems of world peace.

The meeting was the eighth in a series of conferences that began at Dartmouth College fourteen years ago and that were initiated by this magazine at the suggestion of President Eisenhower. Since then, the conferences have alternated between the two countries at irregular intervals. Since 1968, the conferences have been sponsored and administered by the C. F. Kettering Foundation, of Dayton, Ohio.

The original purpose of the Dartmouth Conference was to widen contacts between the two countries and to explore the possibilities for agreement on the official level. In this way, the conferences over the years have scouted the ground on such questions as a ban on nuclear testing, an enlarged cultural exchange, the air connections between the two countries, the broadening of trade, and a copyright agreement. It is difficult to know to what extent the conferences have facilitated official agreements; at the very least they have been able to identify possible openings for scrutiny at a high level.

The contrast between the first meeting, in Hanover, New Hampshire, and the eighth meeting, in Soviet Georgia, couldn't have been more pronounced. In 1960 there was a formal, even stiff, atmosphere when the delegates assembled in the boardroom at Dartmouth, with John Dickey, Dartmouth's president, as host. We were strangers, prone to declaim at one another. But the sense of adversary proceedings gradually gave way to a mutual exploration in the common interest. At Tbilisi few of the delegates seemed inclined to score points; there was a genuine effort to find a way out of complicated problems.

The principal function of the Dartmouth Conference has changed over the years, reflecting the fact that both governments are in constant communication with each other on a large number of levels, in contrast to 1960, when official contacts were minimal. The Dartmouth Conference is now less concerned with broadening the official dialogue than it is with exploring ways of resolving specific issues between the two countries.

Before I report on the Tbilisi conference in detail, perhaps a brief account of the cultural and physical setting may be in order. Georgia is one of the more tradition-conscious republics of the Soviet Union. The capital is surrounded by brawny mountains and verdant hills. It is difficult to drive in any direction without coming upon breathtaking vistas. The air from the sea not far away is made tangy in its journey over the mountains. Everything is lush in Georgia—from the natural foliation to the hirsute adornments.

A Georgian is acutely conscious of his history; he fiercely upholds the sense of independence of his forebears, even though Georgia has not been a separate republic for 400 years. Georgians have perhaps an even greater feeling of natural and cultural superiority toward the neighboring Armenians than, say, the citizens of Dallas profess toward the citizens of Fort Worth, or the people of Bronxville toward the people of Yonkers.

What sets the Georgians apart from all other human beings on this earth is their explosive generosity and hospitality. No article of religious faith I have found anywhere else in the world is held more devoutly than the Georgian belief in the sacredness of unconditional hospitality. Georgians don't practice hospitality; they wage it.

I was no stranger to Georgian hospitality, having experienced it for the first time fifteen years ago. In the early days of the cultural-exchange program between the two countries, I was on a tour of Georgia. Late one night my escort and I were driving north out of Tbilisi when our car was caught in a flash flood. We abandoned the vehicle and came to a farmhouse and rapped on the door, thinking to use the phone in an attempt to get help, late though it was. The farmer, aroused from his sleep, came to the door. His eyes lit up as he sized up the situation. We were strangers on his hearth; therefore, we belonged to him. He kept us away from the phone on one pretext or another while his wife, summoned from her bed, rushed out into the rain to slaughter some chickens and to dig vegetables out of the garden. At three o'clock in the morning, we sat down to a feast. I counted seventeen different bottles of wine brought out of the cellar by the proud and joyous farmer. Wine in Georgia is second as a national product only to its hospitality. Finally, at 6:00 A.M., I was led to bed—the farmer's own bed, naturally.

When, therefore, I learned several months ago that the eighth Dartmouth Conference would be held in Tbilisi, I knew my American colleagues would be subjected to an outpouring of generosity beyond imagining. I was not disappointed. For five days in Tbilisi, whenever there was an opening on the agenda,

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we were plucked out of our conference chairs and set down at the fat end of a perpetual cornucopia of food and authentic Georgian entertainment.

The meetings took place in an attractive resort just outside the city. The conferees sat around a large rectangular table. I counted sixty-seven persons at the opening session—delegates, advisers, consultants, staff. In the back of the room were the booths for the interpreters. We had brought two interpreters with us from the United States—George Sherry, who had been one of the crack interpreters at the United Nations before becoming an assistant to U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim; and George Klebnikov, Chief, Interpretation Services of the United Nations. Both of them are supreme artists. They have a mastery not just of language but also of meaning.

So much for the setting.

THE MAIN SUBJECT scheduled for discussion at Tbilisi was détente—its problems and possibilities. The specific items on the agenda included the impasse between the two nations on ending the arms race, the joint role of the United States and the U.S.S.R. in resolving the Middle East crisis, the coming world food shortage and the possibility of joint U.S.–U.S.S.R. action to forestall it, threats to the world environment, the need to enlarge trade between the two countries, and the general question of world collective security.

Even before the conference began, both sides had exchanged position papers. In at least two respects, the Soviet paper seemed to me to break important new ground. First, there was increased recognition of the central role of the United Nations in the making of peace. Second, considerable importance was attached to public opinion in the formation of foreign policy.

In previous conferences, Soviet participants appeared to be more interested in the fact of a world dominated by the two superpowers than in a broad basis for collective security. The United Nations was hardly mentioned, save as another zone of confrontation between the two countries. It was difficult to persuade the Russians that the main road to peace was marked United Nations. The Soviet position paper for the Tbilisi meeting, however, referred affirmatively to the concept of collective security and to the need to strengthen the United Nations.

The reference to the importance of public opinion was a striking development in the Soviet attitude. In the early years of the conference, Soviet participants displayed some bewilderment when American conferees would contend that important moves in U.S. foreign policy had to take public opinion into account. At the December 1972 conference in the United States, for example, the possibility that the U.S. Congress might remove trade restrictions with the Soviet Union was being discussed. Three members of the House of Representatives were at that conference—John Brademas of Indiana, Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, and Morris K. Udall of Arizona. All three pointed out that Soviet restrictions on Jewish emigration had produced general indignation in the United States. They said they were not attempting to intervene in the domestic affairs of another country. But since the U.S. Congress was considering legislation that would be of possible benefit to the Soviet Union, they felt justified in informing the Soviet delegates of the effect that their government's policies might have on congressional deliberations. The Congress, they said, had to take public opinion into account. At first, the Soviet delegates objected to what they felt was interference in their internal affairs, but I believe they eventually were grateful for the candid and realistic assessment of the congressional situation on the most-favored-nation trade question. And they came to accept, I believe, the pivotal function of American public opinion on major issues.

We had no way of knowing whether the impressions carried back to the U.S.S.R. by the Soviet delegates played any part in the decision of their government to rescind the emigration tax. Be that as it may, Soviet officials apparently have developed a keen understanding of, and a respect for, the phenomenon of American public opinion.

The conference began with a cordial greeting to all delegates and guests by the Mayor of Tbilisi. Then came opening statements by the chairmen of the Soviet and American delegations—Yuri Zhukov for the Russians and myself for the Americans.

Mr. Zhukov, former minister of culture and presently one of the editors of *Pravda,* presented an opening paper that was predominantly conciliatory in tone. He said he hoped the Americans would agree that the policy of détente was not a temporary device but a basic approach to world affairs that had the strong backing of the people of both countries. However, he said that there was increasing concern in the Soviet Union that détente might be in trouble in America. Since peace in the world depended on cooperation and friendship between the two greatest countries in the world, what arguments could there possibly be against détente? The Soviet Union, he said, wanted the United States to be a full partner in bringing genuine peace to the world.

My opening statement tried to make the point that the best contribution both countries could make to détente was by acting jointly not just in trying to put out fires around the world but also in helping to create an instrument of peace through the United Nations. The essential need was to get beyond the notion that peace could be achieved

Sen. Hugh Scott (extreme left) and Sen. Edward M. Kennedy (second from right) assured the Soviet delegation that improved relations with the U.S.S.R. were an enduring feature of U.S. foreign policy, Yuri Zhukov, chairman of the Soviet delegation, is seated between Senators Scott and Kennedy.

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through spheres of influence, or by trying to maintain a balance of power, or by being able to inflict an instant holocaust on one another. Détente should not merely be an agreement between two great powers to avoid dangerous confrontation, but rather an attempt to institutionalize the peace by creating enforceable obligations in the international sphere. I then introduced the chairmen for the American side of the three working commissions—David Rockefeller as head of the Economic panel, Ambassador Charles W. Yost as head of the Political panel, and Prof. Thomas F. Malone as head of the Science panel.

Mr. Rockefeller, who had participated in all but two of the previous Dartmouth Conferences, reviewed the important changes in the economic relations of the two countries. Only three years ago, for example, when the conference met at Kiev, the total amount of trade between the two countries that year was under $200 million. In 1973 the dollar value of trade between the two countries had risen to well over a billion dollars. He felt confident that this expansion would continue, but he reminded the delegates that while trade could be a factor in improving general relations, it was true that adverse politics could have adverse effects on economics. The need, therefore, was to continue to find ways of improving the political climate.

Ambassador Yost enlarged on this theme. He called attention to the threat of an escalation in the arms race, particularly with reference to MIRV space vehicles, each one of which is capable of delivering nuclear explosives to several targets on the same journey.

On the subject of the Middle East, he called for careful consideration of the principles that were required for a workable peace settlement. The essentials included military disengagement, full recognition of Israel as a sovereign nation by all her Arab neighbors and by the Soviet Union, a program for regional economic development in which the United States and the U.S.S.R. would participate jointly, justice for the Palestinians, and an overall role for the United Nations in the interpretation and implementation of a total settlement.

Landrum Bolling, executive vice-president of Lilly Endowment, Inc., expanded on Ambassador Yost's analysis of the situation in the Middle East. Mr. Bolling had come directly from a tour of the area, where he had direct discussions with government officials of the countries involved. The problem was enormously complicated, he said, but it was not beyond comprehension or resolution. With a fine sense of exposition, he proceeded to analyze the just requirements of Israel, the Arab nations, and the Palestinian refugees. A settlement might not be brought into being at one stroke, but at least some movement could be started in that direction. One thing was certain, however: So long as

On Being Mistaken for Mr. Rockefeller and Senator Kennedy

Late in the afternoon of the second day of the Dartmouth Conference at Tbilisi, Georgia, U.S.S.R., a sight-seeing program was arranged for the participants. Toward the end of the sight-seeing, one of the cars veered off from the regular procession and headed for a public bath. Occupants of the deviationist vehicle included David Rockefeller, of the Chase Manhattan Bank; James Ferguson, president of General Foods Corporation; William Hewitt, chairman, Deere & Company in Illinois; the editor of *Saturday Review/World;* and Georgii Arbatov, director of the Institute of the U.S.A. in Moscow. Mr. Arbatov, feeling sympathetic toward the Americans who had spent so much time in their conference chairs, had suggested we visit the public baths. He extolled the properties of the mineral waters of the baths. According to legend, an injured deer was able to run again after bathing in the mineral waters. These particular baths, Mr. Arbatov reminded us, became famous in the stories of Pushkin and Lermontov.

Our car drove up a steep, narrow alley at the end of which was an old wooden building that housed the famous steam baths. We entered through an ancient and somewhat battered wooden door and descended into the cave-like cellar, which seemed to have been made over from a medieval dungeon. The walls had been whitewashed. The effect of an ancient prison was accentuated by the long, narrow corridor and the thick doors to cell-like rooms. The doors had narrow slits at eye level. Behind the doors were the steam chambers. David Rockefeller, Jim Ferguson, and Georgii Arbatov were assigned to the first cell; Bill Hewitt and I, to the second. We were instructed to remove our clothing and then to go into the adjoining room, which contained a large tub filled with the magic, steaming mineral water. Bill and I lowered ourselves into the tub.

A wiry little man of about sixty-five came into the room, introduced himself as the bath-master, and took over. He scrutinized us in the tub in the manner of a chef presiding over a boiling lobster pot. He poked Bill Hewitt and found him tender and red enough for stage two. He then directed his parboiled subject onto the nearby stone slab, which he had just scrubbed with soap and brush. Bill stretched out, face down. The b.m. cupped his hand and thwacked Bill sharply in the ribs and on the butt. The sounds were like cannon shots. Next, the b.m. mounted the slab and with bare feet proceeded to walk up and down Bill's spine. Finally, he stood astride Bill's posterior, reached over, and raised each of Bill's legs backward until I could hear low moans emanating from the front of the slab.

I slipped out of the tub and inched toward the door. The distinction of sharing a slab that had felt the weight of some of the Russian literary grand masters no longer seemed irresistible.

The b.m. put on what appeared to me to be a mailed glove with sharp iron ridges on the palm side; he proceeded to work on Bill's flesh as though he were grating a turnip.

At this point, I quietly left the steam room, put on my clothes, stepped into the hallway, and walked boldly toward the exit. The Georgian manager of the establishment, a capacious and powerful lady, caught me by the arm and cordially but firmly tried to escort me back into the steam dungeon. She was joined by two male associates, one of

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any of the major nations made balance-of-power considerations predominant, peace in the Middle East was unlikely.

The next day, at the meeting of the Political panel, several of the Soviet delegates accused the United States of exacerbating the Middle East crisis by encouraging Israel to retain its occupied territory. There was general respect for Mr. Kissinger and his initiatives in the Middle East, but there also seemed to be implied criticism of him for not having treated the Soviet Union as a full partner in the American efforts toward a settlement.

One of the Soviet delegates said he found it difficult to understand what Israel really wanted; he had attended a recent international meeting where he spoke to the Israeli representative, who, he said, was unable to define the conditions under which Israel would be willing to pull back from occupied territory. Hedley Donovan, editor-in-chief of *Time* magazine, responded by saying he didn't think there was any particular mystery about the Israeli position. His understanding of this position was that Israel wanted three things: first, acceptance of her existence as a nation by her Arab neighbors; second, the right to live without fear of attack; third, the right to participate fully in a bold program for the economic development of the entire region, in the interest of all the people in the Middle East.

Apart from the Middle East, the main concern of the Soviet delegation, however, was the American attitude toward détente. Georgii Arbatov, who is perhaps the Soviet Union's most knowledgeable analyst of American affairs, said he was troubled by the difference between the thoroughgoing and positive approach of his government and the seemingly uncertain and grudging attitude displayed in some sectors of American public opinion. There was evidence to indicate, he said, that détente was being confused with all sorts of extraneous issues. Détente was not a device by which either country would seek to change the policies or the institutions of the other. Détente, he said, was simply a process through which both nations would try to give life to the underlying principle that war was not in the interest of either one, and that both parties were therefore responsible for jointly helping to keep the peace. But he felt that people in the United States were poorly informed about the country with which they sought détente. He cited examples of the ignorance and the misconceptions in America about life in the Soviet Union.

Mr. Donovan and I sought to counter the thrust of Mr. Arbatov's remarks. Since we could agree with Mr. Arbatov's main point, that détente was a process independent of the internal affairs of both countries, we didn't see that isolated examples of ignorance were particularly pertinent to the matter under discussion. Mr. Donovan added that he didn't think that the term *détente*

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whom wore a grin and a hat that flapped over the ears and the other of whom had a hearty laugh.

My survival instinct aroused, I disengaged myself and announced my intention of going topside for a breath of air. I assured my guardians I would return promptly. Just to make sure, one of them escorted me.

As I emerged from the building, a loud cheer went up. A hundred or more people were crowded around the doorway. People were shouting greetings from the balconies and windows of the surrounding multi-colored frame houses. Then the cheers seemed to resolve into a chant; a name clearly emerged.

My God, I said to myself, they think I'm David Rockefeller.

My escort confirmed the fact.

"No, no," I said, "please tell them I am not Mr. Rockefeller."

N.C.

My escort did so. There was a pause of perhaps no more than a few seconds, and now another chant went up: "KENNEDY! KENNEDY! KENNEDY!"

The Georgian radio had reported Sen. Ted Kennedy's talk at the morning session of our conference, and the crowd just assumed that, if the object of their affections was not the bearer of the second most famous name in America, he must be the first.

There was nothing to do at this point except to wave to the crowd and duck back into the doorway. My escort followed me; he was grinning in his reflected glory, looking as though he had just been notified of his election to the Georgian Hall of Fame.

Downstairs in the whitewashed dungeon, there was a flurry of activity. Numberless bottles of Georgian wine were being assembled, together with a variety of smorgasbord items, and a table was being set up in the overheated steam pit to which David Rockefeller and Jim Ferguson had been assigned.

Bill Hewitt, his elongated form wrapped in a sheet, came down the corridor. I thought he was walking rather slowly for a man whose circulation had just been thoroughly stimulated. I learned he was about to join David Rockefeller and Jim Ferguson at the wine-and-smorgasbord ceremony celebrating the survival of the three Americans. Bill tried to talk me into rejoining the party, but there was nothing that he or anyone else could say that would get me back into that steam pit. I took my ungrated skin and unpromenaded spine, said good-bye to Bill, turned around, went back upstairs, and braved a still-cheering crowd that persisted in thinking I was Senator Kennedy. I threaded my way through the multitude to the car, patting babies on the way, and told the driver to take me back to the hotel. *Sic transit Georgia mundi.* N.C.

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Working session of the Economic panel—"In 1973 the dollar value of trade between the two countries had risen to well over a billion dollars."

lent itself readily to wide understanding; surely, he said, men who work with words could find a better term to express what was intended.

Several Soviet delegates said that they fully concurred with our essential argument but that they felt that something ought to be done by way of making the U.S. public more aware of the détente process. They wondered whether it would be possible to create an organization in the United States—perhaps an extension of the Dartmouth Conferences—that would serve as a clearinghouse of information. This suggestion, in fact, had been put to me earlier, as chairman of the American delegation, by Mr. Zhukov.

I suggested that the American people do a better job of making up their minds through public debate than through exhortation or unilateral advocacy. Instead of setting up any new organization, I thought we might arrange for a series of parallel debates in the United States and the Soviet Union. It would be far better to exchange ideas in public on the problems of détente, as we were doing in the Dartmouth Conferences, than to embark on a campaign of advocacy. We might put these debates on videotape and have them shown on television in both countries, using simultaneous translations as we had done at our sessions.

At the time, there was no general response from the Soviet side to this proposal, but the final communiqué of the conference recognized public debating as a possibility to be pursued.

Both at the conference table and away from it, the Soviet representatives expressed concern that détente might not survive a major political change in the United States. This, of course, was an implied reference to Watergate. (The Russians were very careful throughout the conference not to mention Watergate, apparently for fear of offending American sensibilities.)

It was fortunate that, through Sen. Edward M. Kennedy and Sen. Hugh Scott, the Americans were able to emphasize their belief that the policy of improved relations with the Soviet Union and the commitment to world peace were not partisan matters in the United States. Senator Kennedy, who had just arrived from his Moscow meeting with Mr. Brezhnev, assured the delegates that détente had dominant support within the Democratic party. He referred to President John Kennedy's initiatives in ending the cold war and to the policies of President Johnson and President Nixon as coming essentially off the same spool.

Senator Scott, as leader of the Republican party in the Senate, strongly endorsed the general tenor of Senator Kennedy's remarks and emphasized that détente was not dependent on the political fortunes of any single individual. Senator Scott reviewed various aspects of American-Soviet relations over the past quarter-century and expressed the view that the process of passing from a relationship dominated by confrontation to one of cooperation was not a simple one. It required patience and a persistent conviction about the need to safeguard the peace. Here he emphasized that world peace depended not solely on a cooperative relationship between the two governments but also on adherence to the basic principles that were essential to prevent war.

In a brief report such as this, it is obviously impossible to compress many hours of conference discussion and activity. It is important, however, to call attention to the work of the Science panel, of which Prof. Thomas F. Malone, director of the Holcomb Research Institute, was U.S. chairman. His associates were George M. Woodwell, senior ecologist at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, and Sterling Wortman, vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation.

The scientists of both countries were able to reach substantial agreement on a number of key points. They proposed a joint effort to prevent what now appears to be the serious threat of widespread famine in the world. The scientists also saw a joint responsibility in the development of new sources of energy that would be available to developing nations. And they reiterated the recommendations made at earlier Dartmouth Conferences for safeguarding the world's environment.

The final communiqué of the eighth Dartmouth Conference began with a general statement emphasizing that détente should be regarded not as "an exclusive arrangement between the two countries but as an integral part of a worldwide effort designed to promote the possibilities of a durable peace." And the delegates agreed that the United Nations was the "proper and essential instrument for bringing about collective world security. . . . The strengthening of the United Nations is a primary objective of the U.N. members."

This is all to the good. Nothing that both countries can do for or by themselves is so important or essential as what they do together to build a world organization capable of underwriting the security of all nations, large and small.

N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Couples Without Children

The most interesting point of Paul Woodring's article was the fact that in 1973 most young marrieds were deciding not to have more than one or two children ("Our Unpredictable Birthrate," March 9). I am glad that at last people are beginning to realize that a large family is no longer a necessity (as if it ever was!), but I was disappointed to notice that a trend that is very important and becoming stronger was not even mentioned. I am referring to the child-free marriage. More and more couples are deciding that children have no place in their lives; and, furthermore, they are not ashamed to admit this to family, friends, and society. However, the cultural bias against couples without children still exists. . . . I, as a non-parent, hope to see the day when children will be considered by society to be an *option*, rather than a *necessity*, to a marriage.

Mrs. Lesli Lapham
Houston, Texas

DeVoto's Devotees

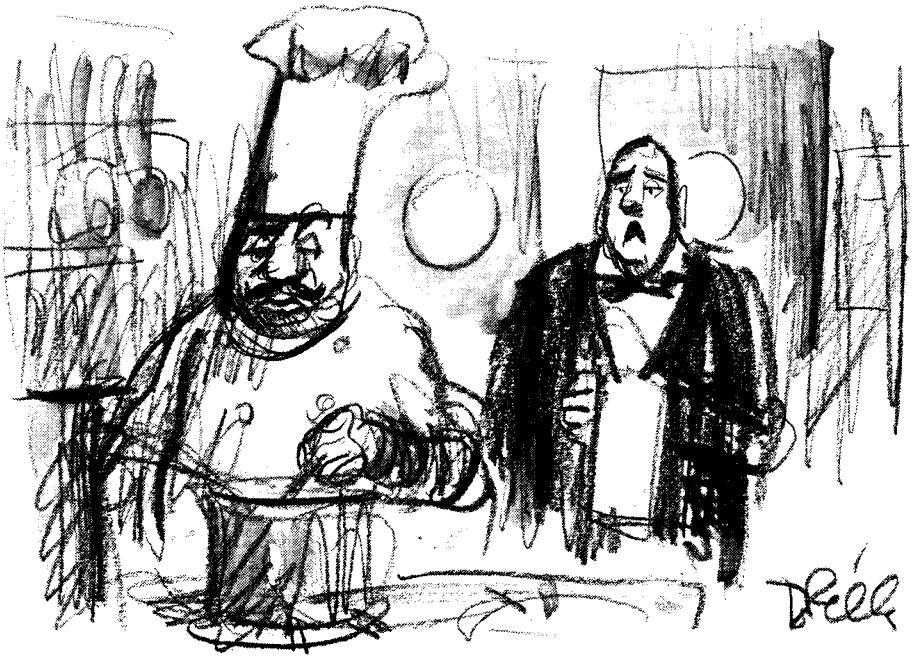
N.C.'s review of *The Uneasy Chair*, by Wallace Stegner, was interesting and valuable (*Editorial-Review*, April 6). His reference to his qualms about publishing a harsh attack on Bernard DeVoto was understandable, but his decision was sound. I knew both Benny DeVoto and Red [Sinclair] Lewis fairly well. Both were frontiersmen in disregarding the Marquis of Queensberry rules in the conduct of a conversation or argument. As the late H. J. Wright said of two brothers-in-law who were officers of the old New York *Globe* and contenders for authority: Each has a perfect understanding of the other. Both Lewis and DeVoto can survive argument. Neither is entitled to more than he would have conceded.

SR/W is doing very well by my observation. Henry Canby would have been proud of you.

William L. Chenery
Big Sur, California

N.C.'s review of *The Uneasy Chair* impels me to retrieve from history a rendezvous I shared in 1949 with a martini and Bernard DeVoto. As a Nebraska-bred Nieman Fellow at Harvard, I was invited to his house in Cambridge to reminisce about the Missouri River area around Plattsmouth, Nebraska. Soon after I arrived, DeVoto suggested a martini. I watched as he went about its truly precise preparation in a way that conjured up a tribal rite. When I asked why he used "a graduated beaker," he replied, grumpily, that a perfect martini had to be 3.81 parts of gin to one of vermouth. I guess I should have known that. However, the results were so unusual and exciting I suggested that he write an "Easy Chair" [column] about the creation and virtues of a martini. And he did. In the December 1949 issue of *Harper's*, DeVoto declared the legal lower limit of a martini "may be generalized as about 3.7 to one. . . . Happily, the upper limit is not so fixed; you may make it four to one . . . which is a comfort if you cannot do fractions in your head. . . . And you need not sing, for presently there will be singing in your heart."

Donald J. Gonzales
Williamsburg, Virginia



"Table Nine sends you compliments on your intrepidity."

More Power to Us

In John F. Henahan's article ("Energy From the Earth's Core," March 23), Dr. Robert Rex [president of Republic Geothermal, in Whittier, California] is reported to have said that nuclear-power plants require a fifteen-year cycle from drawing board to operation and that nuclear power will make no real "dent" in the energy picture before 1986 or 1987.

The fact is that it now requires about eight to ten years for designing and building nuclear-power plants. The President has asked us to try to reduce this time to about six years. This can be done, but it will involve the use of standardized designs; pre-approved sites; streamlining of our administrative processes; and a continuation of our efforts to strengthen quality assurance in the design, construction, and operation of the plants.

In this connection, we have sent to the Congress proposed legislation that, if enacted, would shorten the present licensing process for nuclear-power plants and would also provide the framework for achieving the President's goal of reducing the overall building time.

I don't agree with Dr. Rex that nuclear power will have no real impact until the late 1980s. Nuclear-power plants today are providing about 6 percent of the nation's total electrical output. Their capacity is the equivalent of 300 million barrels of oil consumption per year. We anticipate that by 1985 nuclear power will represent about 30 percent of the nation's total electrical supply and about 40 percent by 1990 [though] . . . by the late 1980s we will need more power than that from nuclear plants. . . .

William O. Doub, Commissioner
U. S Atomic Energy Commission
Washington, D.C.

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World Progress Report

Reading With Feeling

In a life darkened by blindness, the everyday business of reading becomes a major obstacle to education, enjoyment, and employment. In many cases the sightless person can acquire the material he needs transcribed into braille or recorded on tape. However, such procedures are time-consuming, and they often effectively bar the blind person from realizing his full potential in a world where easy access to the printed word is increasingly important.

Now a new machine developed at Stuttgart University, in West Germany, can "read" any ordinary printed material—book, magazine, newspaper—and instantly reproduce it letter by letter in raised braille symbols on a tape. The prototype machine, exhibited for the first time last April at a meeting in Stockholm, is scheduled for production in about two years.

Two for the Birds

Two species of birds threatened with extinction have gained a new lease on life. One is the comical, big-mouthed brown pelican, one of the largest of all American birds with a wingspread of up to seven feet. Pelican populations along the California and Gulf coasts have been declining rapidly because of breeding failures attributable to chlorinated hydrocarbon insecticides—DDT and its variations—in the bird's food chain. The pesticides have caused eggs to be infertile or to be too thin-skinned to survive.

Along the Texas coast, the pelican population dropped from an estimated 80,000 birds in the 1950s to just 20 in 1967. Now the trend has been reversed: The pelican head count this year totaled fifty-five birds. And, according to David Blankinship, an Audubon Society biologist, last year's eggs had thicker shells than those of previous years, resulting in the hatching of eleven new pelicans. The turnaround coincides with the virtual prohibition of DDT and the stricter control of pesticides.

THE PEREGRINE FALCON, another endangered bird, auditioned for a special job. At Whiteman Air Force Base in Missouri, the Reverend Edwin Mattingly, a veteran falconer, trained the predator to chase other birds that nest in the grass alongside airport runways and create a safety hazard. The troublesome birds have caused a number of landing and take-off accidents by smashing into cockpit windshields and fouling jet engines. The experiments are supported by a $29,000 Pentagon grant.

According to the Audubon Society, the use of falcons to shoo the mischievous birds is a permissible tactic against plentiful species. Conservationists point out that the relatively few birds actually killed while scaring away the rest would be insignificant compared with the mass extermination programs that have been proposed as an alternative tactic to keep the little birds away from the big ones on the runways.

Taking Heart

Modern society has learned to take for granted a steady, implacable rise in the rate of death from heart disease. Recent evidence, however, suggests that American hearts have been beating more strongly for the past decade.

According to Dr. Peter Frommer of the National Heart and Lung Institute, statistics indicate that deaths caused by heart disease have declined by more than 10 percent since 1963, after an "unremitting increase" of 18 percent from 1940 to 1963. "These changes seem to be real," insists Dr. Frommer, "not a figment of the statistics."

Dr. Frommer attributes the healthier hearts to improvements in preventive medicine and public education. His figures are supported by a New York State Health Department study, which shows a 9.2 percent decrease in the heart-disease death rate among New Yorkers from 1966 through 1970, following a peak death rate in 1963.

Firewater

Oil and water don't mix, says the hoary old adage; but, according to inventor Eric Cottell, a mixture of oil and water makes a much better fuel for burning than does oil itself. So much better, Cottell claims, that the addition of one part of water to three parts of oil in his process cuts fuel consumption by at least 20 percent, while producing the same amount of energy as pure oil with virtually no soot or ash. In automobiles, the inventor says, a mixture of 18 percent water with 82 percent gasoline burns so cleanly that costly and inefficient pollution-control devices can be eliminated.

Cottell's invention consists of a small reactor in which oil and water can be broken down and emulsified by a piston pumping 20,000 times per second, building up a force of 1 million pounds per square inch. The result is a mass of tiny droplets of water jacketed with oil, like candy-coated chocolates. According to Cottell, during combustion the imprisoned water expands abruptly into steam and explodes the oil, exposing it to rapid, thorough burning.

Cottell's reactor is currently being tested on oil furnaces in several buildings on Long Island, New York. Eventually, he hopes to have a much smaller model, no larger than a flashlight, that will sell for $50 to $100 for use in individual homes and automobiles.

ANTHONY WOLFF

"You might take comfort in the knowledge that some day a revisionist historian will make all of this seem like it didn't exist."

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SR/W Recommends

A brief selection, by the editors, of books, records, and entertainment events of interest to our readers.

BOOKS

The Uneasy Chair by Wallace Stegner (Doubleday). Biography of Bernard DeVoto (second editor of *Saturday Review*) and literary history of three decades.

Working: People Talk About What They Do All Day and How They Feel About What They Do by Studs Terkel (Pantheon). A documentary masterpiece by a traditional journalist who knows how to listen.

Great Tom: Notes Towards the Definition of T. S. Eliot by T. S. Matthews (Harper & Row). The first full-length portrait of the poet who revolutionized the sensibility of our age.

The Rachel Papers by Martin Amis (Knopf). A witty ride down the posturing past of one Charles Highway.

Ways of Loving by Brendan Gill (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Literate, short-fictional looks at everything from upper-class boredom to secretarial obesity.

Thomas Jefferson: An Intimate History by Fawn M. Brodie (Norton). A speculative but persuasive account of the third President's personal declarations of independence.

A Darkening Green: Notes From the Silent Generation by Peter S. Prescott (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). Freshman year in the sheltered precincts of Harvard Yard resonantly chronicled.

The Wanderers by Richard Price (Houghton Mifflin). These brash Bronx Italian teenagers are the flip side of Tarkington's *Seventeen*-year-olds.

Pilgrim at Tinker Creek by Annie Dillard (Harper's Magazine Press). Rich ruminations on nature and mini-adventures with birds, beasts, and bugs in Virginia's Roanoke Valley.

Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman by Merle Miller (Berkley Publishing Company). The author's wild about Harry, and you will be too in these taped talks with HST.

The Decay of the Angels by Yukio Mishima (Knopf). The culminating volume of death-obsessed Mishima's mystifying tetralogy *Sea of Fertility*.

FILM

Love and Anarchy. An Italian bordello of the Thirties is the scene for a plot against Mussolini in this strong and vivid film.

The Pedestrian. Actor Maximilian Schell also turns writer-director for this haunting study of post-Nazi German guilt.

The Conversation. The electronic surveiller is surveilled—or, turnabout is foul play.

Conrack. Jon Voight, having the time of his life teaching young blacks on a remote southern island.

Thieves Like Us. Robert Altman's skillful and redolent adaptation of the Edward Anderson novel about a trio of bank robbers.

The Sting. Want to just sit back and enjoy a movie for a change? Try this one.

The House on Chelouche Street. From Israel, a lively, touching family chronicle during pre-nationhood times.

The Sugarland Express. Goldie Hawn, on the loose in Texas, brilliantly directed by youthful Steven Spielberg.

The Lords of Flatbush. Tolerant look at a Brooklyn youth gang of the late Fifties. Non-violent and funny.

THEATER (New York)

A Moon for the Misbegotten (Morosco Theater). Colleen Dewhurst is perfect and Jason Robards haunted in this beautiful and compassionate love story written by Eugene O'Neill about his hard-drinking brother.

A Little Night Music (Majestic Theatre). This sophisticated and gently humorous adaptation of Ingmar Bergman's film *Smiles of a Summer Night* is still the best musical on Broadway.

Moonchildren (Theatre de Lys). Michael Weller's play about a group of college kids living together but really very far apart is entertaining and touching.

Over Here! (Shubert Theater). A musical nostalgiarama that ridicules the corniest aspects of World War II America. With two surviving Andrews sisters.

Candide (Broadway Theater). An inventive reweave of the 1956 musical tapestry based on Voltaire's classic.

Good Evening (Plymouth Theater). A very good evening of wit and music from Britain's masterly comedians Peter Cook and Dudley Moore.

El Grande de Coca-Cola (Plaza 9 Theater). Brief, bright musical revue aimed *directamente* at the funny bone.

Raisin (Forty-sixth Street Theater). A spectacle of music and dance based on Lorraine Hansberry's moving portrait of black life in modern America.

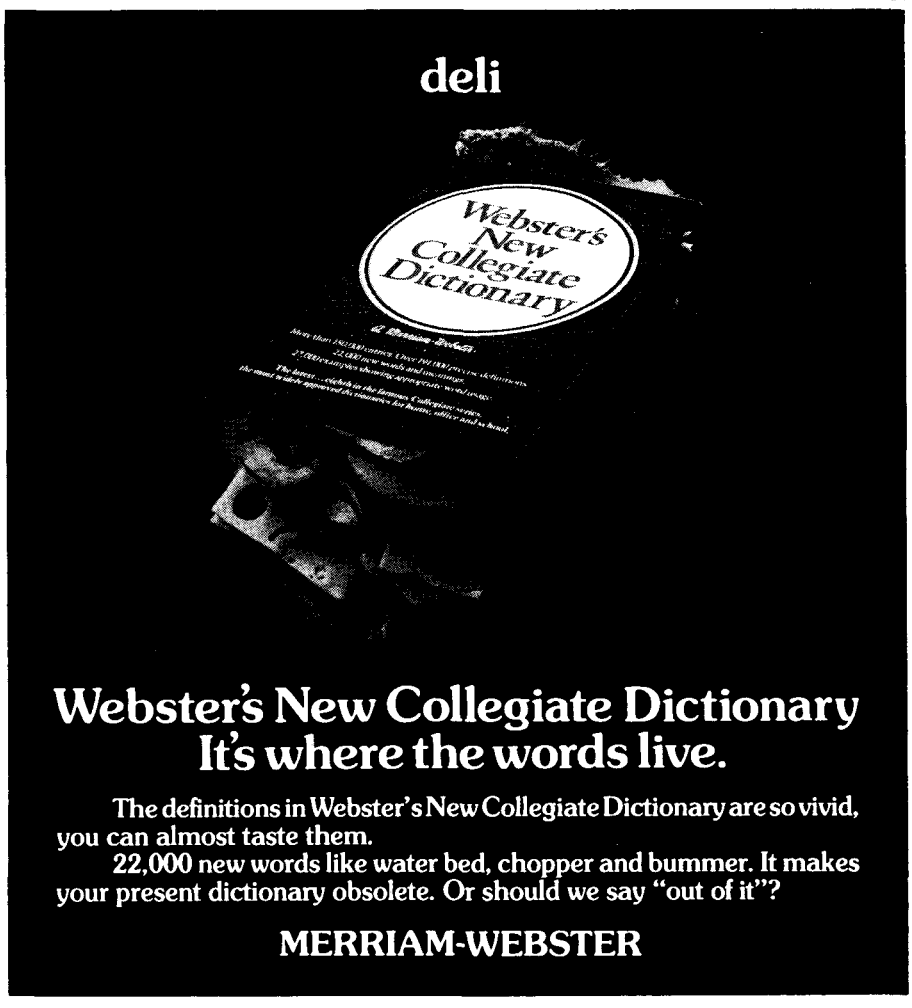
The Hot L Baltimore (Downtown Circle in the Square). Lanford Wilson's colorful, comic pastiche of ideals and idealists in a Baltimore flophouse.

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder? (Eastside Playhouse). Five strangers in an Arizona diner become prison-mates in Mark Medoff's suspenseful melodrama.

Short Eyes (Vivian Beaumont Theater). Miguel Piñero's vivid slice of life and death in a prison cell.

Jumpers (Billy Rose Theatre). Acrobats, spectacle, absurdist philosophy, strung loosely together like sparkling bright beads by playwright Tom Stoppard.

Clarence Darrow (on tour). Henry Fonda's low-key performance is lean and steadily absorbing, a one-man tribute to the famous lawyer.


deli
Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary
Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary
It's where the words live.
The definitions in Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary are so vivid, you can almost taste them.
22,000 new words like water bed, chopper and bummer. It makes your present dictionary obsolete. Or should we say "out of it"?
MERRIAM-WEBSTER

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DANCE (New York)

Moiseyev Dance Company (Metropolitan Opera House, June 17–July 20). The world-famous folk-dance troupe from Moscow, headed by Igor Moiseyev, made its first U.S. visit in 1958 and has electrified American audiences ever since with its theatricalized folk dances and songs from many areas of the U.S.S.R.

New York City Ballet (New York State Theater, April 30–June 30). Lincoln Center's resident ballet troupe, directed by Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine, in a repertory of more than forty ballets. Full-length Balanchine ballet based on Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* featured June 26–30.

Eliot Feld Ballet (Public Theater—Newman, May 30–June 16). Closing performances of debut season of new Feld company. (Feld formerly founded and led the American Ballet Company.)

RECORDINGS

Songs My Mother Taught Me (Dvořak, Mendelssohn, Hahn, etc., London). Muriel Sutherland taught her daughter Joan more than a dozen fireside favorites, which husband Richard Bonynge has supplemented with others by Massenet, Saint-Saëns, etc. The two conspired to make a wonderful singer of her, but neither taught her how to enunciate words, especially in English.

Symphonies Nos. 38 and 40 (Mozart, Philips). If one can imagine an orchestra made up entirely of Mozarts, each following the composer's patterns with loving fidelity, one could paint a mental picture of these performances by Colin Davis and the BBC Symphony. Nothing but felicity.

Quartet in F ("American") and Quintet in E flat (Dvořak, Columbia). This "new" recording of the masterful quartet has the verve and insight of the Budapest Quartet, which disbanded in the late Sixties. It is, indeed, a product of that peerless foursome, long withheld because of incidental blemishes that no longer count against other historic amenities. The previously issued quintet is a worthy diskmate.

"Ma Mére l'Oye" (Ravel), **"Petite Suite"** (Debussy), etc. (DGG). Rather than being still another pairing of the works in their familiar orchestral form, these performances present the composers' own versions for two pianos, played with facility and flair by Aloys and Alfons Kontarsky.

Gypsy (Stephen Sondheim–Jule Styne, RCA). Angela Lansbury and a cast of English *landsleute* provide a distinctive accent to this newest (London) treatment of "Everything Is Coming Up Roses," "Small World," and "Let Me Entertain You." Hurray for Gypsy Rose 'Ovick.

Solar Wind, etc. (Steve Cropper, Columbia). Ramsey Lewis's well-known talents as a popular pianist have been converted by an adroit mixture of Moog, percussion, and electronic bass into a more contemporary kind of "cocktail" keyboard. Moderately potent, not destructive of other attention-demanding activities, such as conversation.

"Queen of the Night," other rock tunes (Ronnie Leahy, Atlantic). The power base of Maggie Bell continues to expand the more her versions of "After Midnight," "We Had It All," etc., are heard. □

Maria Augusta Tito. 7 years old. Family situation precarious. Parents illiterate; concerned about children's schooling.

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The Geography of Disgrace
A World Survey of Political Prisoners

Jailed and tortured solely for their beliefs, millions of people know the Seventies not as a golden Space Age, but rather as a new era of political barbarism.

by Robert Shelton

London

One of the ugliest aspects of modern life is the fact that between one and two million people are at this moment in jail solely because of their political beliefs.

This political imprisonment takes various forms: internal exile—a kind of "house arrest" within the borders of a country; banishment to remote penal islands; and being locked up in concentration camps, city jails, national prisons, and other kinds of detention centers.

Conditions in these prisons are, needless to say, usually sub-human and insupportable: Torture, painful shackling, perennial semi-starvation, and carefully calculated breakdown of prisoner morale are the very grammar and rhetoric of political detention.

No matter that very few of these political prisoners are terrorists, guerrillas, bomb-throwers, or even philosophical advocates of violent change. The fact that their outlooks have in some way irritated the authorities is enough to brand them as "illegals," as dangerous, disruptive "elements."

To many readers of this article, the foregoing may seem a bit strong. Is it really true, you may well ask, that an Indonesian novelist has been shipped off to a malarial island and told he will never write again, never be free again? Is it true that a black Rhodesian nationalist has been in jail for ten years without trial? That a Yugoslav educator has been sentenced to five years' hard labor solely for corresponding with an American professor? That South Korean college students face death penalties for *any* protest activity? The answer, sad to say, is yes.

Most amazingly, the ninety countries known to hold political prisoners run across all sociopolitical lines. There is nearly as much use for the jailer of ideas in the "free world" as there is in the Communist bloc. The supposedly idealistic emergent group of Third World nations is not only not immune to the jailing fever but also is in fact heavily into the business of locking up dissenters. In many such nations, to paraphrase the German military theoretician Karl von Clausewitz, the imprisonment of dissenters is simply the continuation of state policy by other means.

Imprisonment is not the only way of silencing dissent. Amnesty International, an organization that monitors the political-prisoner situation (see box on page 19), recently reported that torture of such prisoners is rampant in sixty countries. "Torture," the organization states, "is as unthinkable as slavery," but it is practiced widely. Amnesty International's blistering 224-page *Report on Torture* found that pain-inflicting techniques, "the ultimate corruption," have virtually "become a worldwide phenomenon" practiced "in an effort to retain political power."

Still another form of repression is the "extra-judicial persecution" that denies professional people and artists the right to pursue their occupations. This ploy has been developed to a high degree in Czechoslovakia, where countless scientists, historians, and writers have been reduced to doing menial labor —that is, they are serving life sentences outside jail.

Americans tend to take the "rule of law" for granted and to believe that the wheels of justice will, however slowly, ultimately free the innocent and imprison the guilty. But just *what* law is meant, when dictatorships of the Right, the Left, or of the nationalist center tailor the law to suit expediency? And of what value is even a facade of law in Guatemala or Brazil, where para-governmental death squads preempt the judicial process? A recent report to the *Guardian* stated: "There are no political prisoners in Guatemala. They are shot before there is time to register them in that category. The current estimate is that ten thousand have 'disappeared' since . . . 1970."

Although less prevalent than imprisonment, death and banishment for political "crimes" are still practiced. Iraq, Indonesia, Yemen, and Uganda still execute opponents of the regime. The number of executions in Iran has risen to 198 in the last three years. Banishment to remote parts of the Soviet Union, Rhodesia, and South Africa continues. Perhaps worse than banishment is the Soviet practice of sending dissenters to lunatic asylums. In such a climate, who is sane and who is really insane?

POLITICAL DISSENT has grown since the beginning of the century. Rising economic, social, and political expectations have led to more questioning and agitation for change. One might expect more repression in unstable regimes, but continuing clampdowns in the Soviet Union and South Africa belie that. Minority-ruled nations like Rhodesia and South Africa keep the black majority in check through rigorous imprisonment. One-party states, such as Spain, Libya, and

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Joseph Scrofani

Haiti, make punishment of oppositionists a staple of the governing system. When governments fall into the hands of the military, the officers, knowing little but orders and discipline, run their regimes by tribunals and decrees. The military tends to regard the democratic process as slow and inefficient. (One hopes that Portugal's April 26 takeover by avowedly pro-democratic military men will, over the long run, prove an exception to this rule.)

National patterns of political imprisonment differ, especially in regard to the jailer's role. Some repressive hands are bludgeons, while others work with a sophisticated cunning. Perforce, this survey touches on only a small number of the countries where political imprisonment flourishes. (Thanks to the writings of Solzhenitsyn, the Soviet Union has been omitted as obvious.)

The story of any given prisoner is a tale of personal and family tragedy that would constitute a lengthy drama or documentary by itself. Multiply each case by at least one million, and the scope of the problem can be envisaged. Numerical estimates of prisoners are a constant problem. Often, prisoners are not tried, their families are not notified, and the prisoner is virtually buried alive. In other cases, in which trials are held, transcripts are not available. For example, in China the whole picture of political imprisonment, before, during, and after the Cultural Revolution, is virtually unknown to the outside world. The interested reader might, however, consult with profit the recently issued, widely noted *Prisoner of Mao,* by Bao Ruowang (Jean Pasqualini) and Rudolph Chelminski, a work described by the publisher as "an eyewitness account of China's Forced Labor Camp System, by one of its few survivors [Bao Ruowang]." A twelve-page excerpt from this book appeared in the August 28, 1973, issue of this magazine.

The situation of the political prisoners in post-Allende Chile, so recently in the headlines, also is not easy to determine exactly. The junta has admitted that 3500 deaths occurred during the 1973 overthrow of the pro-Marxist government. Hard figures are not easily come by, but the former Swedish ambassador to Chile has offered these startling figures: 10,000 to 15,000 killed; 30,000 children orphaned; . . . and 200,000 people who have lost their jobs for political reasons. Add to this some 8000 refugees, and we are talking less of a coup d'etat than of a holocaust!

Somewhat more is known, fortunately, about the outlook in that most youthful of the world's nations, Bangladesh. In 1972 the government issued a retroactive omnibus-powers decree aimed at citizens thought to have collaborated with the forces of West Pakistan during Bangladesh's 1971 war of independence. Between 40,000 and 50,000 persons were sentenced to jail under the decree; and though Sheikh Mujibur Rahman has declared amnesty for 30,000 of the prisoners, only 12,000 have so far been released.

Some hope glimmers also in Turkey, after a three-year military repression that may have detained a total of 15,000 political prisoners. There, a broad amnesty bill affecting 50,000 criminal and political prisoners has been debated for some time and may or may not be passed this year. These political maneuverings are, of course, cold comfort to political prisoners long since caught up in police dragnets and thrown into jail.

No glancing account of the political-police mind in action can convey in its full reach the terror and despair that such regimes inspire. The following

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"Conditions are . . . subhuman and insupportable: Torture, painful shackling, and . . . breakdown of prisoner morale are the very grammar and rhetoric of political detention."

sketches of life under seven representative police regimes may, however, prove indicative:

Greece: The Generals' Coup

The assault on Greek democracy since the colonels' coup of 1967 has been widely publicized. As the cradle of Western democracy, Greece stands out boldly as a military dictatorship. The official American role in supporting Greek totalitarianism is a nagging doubt that repeated denials in Washington and Athens fail to quell.

Events have dashed whatever naive hopes existed last autumn that the Greek colonels, under George Papadopoulos, were moving slowly toward democracy. The colonels' coup was succeeded in November 1973 by the generals' coup. Free speech and free press are not tolerated in Greece today. The "amnesty" of August 1973 proved short-lived, with some prisoners released only to be re-imprisoned, along with new victims.

As a dread symbol of continued repression, the island concentration camp of Yaros in the Cyclades was re-opened last winter and now holds one hundred to two hundred political inmates. The barren, seven-mile-square island, on which a concrete military prison alternately bakes in the sun or is buffeted by the chill Aegean winds, was closed in 1969 after a Red Cross team had found conditions there intolerable. Yaros became so infamous after the 1967 coup, when 6000 "politicals" were held on the island, that even military guards are reportedly reluctant to serve there.

The main rationale for renewed repression was the "uprising" of students at Athens Polytechnic College last November. However, it was clear, as tanks roamed the streets, that the students were unarmed. Officials say that thirteen demonstrators were killed, but opponents of the regime believe the number was greater. The Greek situation is one of clear-cut political repression, for the resistance to the Greek militarists has been almost totally ideological.

Systematic torture of Greek political prisoners has been well documented. During the brief 1973 thaw, an amnesty released 330 politicals. After the generals' coup, the number of prisoners rose to at least two hundred, including twenty who were denied freedom last August. Many of those recently jailed have been students rounded up in November in Athens. A crackdown on Salonika students netted another twenty. In February, the Communists were the target, and thirty-five were jailed in one swoop. Now held on Yaros is George Mavros, the liberal leader, and a former aide of Papadopoulos, who now, out of power, may be struck by the irony of this outcome.

Czechoslovakia: "Normalization"

It is not mere rhetoric to suggest that when the Warsaw Pact tanks rolled into Czechoslovakia in August 1968—putting a harsh end to the "Prague Spring," which had sought to give communism a human face—the country's entire population of 14 million became political prisoners.

Certainly, the "normalization" that has taken place since then has amounted to the systematic suppression of a vigorous national culture by means of rampant censorship, tight control, and punitive action. As many as 150 writers, sociologists, historians, and scientists have been directly affected. (At one point, eight Moravian actors were jailed for parodying a Soviet play.) But these intellectuals do not have to be jailed to be silenced. By being dropped from the Writers' Union or from university posts and by being reduced to menial work, these potential cultural leaders are as effectively neutered as if they had been jailed.

Gustáv Husák, who took over as Czech Communist party leader from Alexander Dubček, himself had served eight years in jail in the Fifties. Husák repeatedly said there would be no punitive trials of Dubček supporters. Nevertheless, nine political trials were held in Prague and Brno in 1972. Of forty-six persons sentenced for various crimes against the State, only fifteen received suspended sentences.

Amnesty International estimates that there may be three hundred political prisoners. Some émigré leaders, with understandable bias if not documentation, put the number at one thousand. Czech officials are not volunteering how many politicals are languishing in the prisons of Bory, Litomeriče, Ostrava, Opava, Mirov, or Ruzyne. As one Czech told me recently, the only consolation is "whatever the figure, it is only about 10 percent of what it was in the Fifties."

The trials of 1972 were considerably more benign than those of the Fifties because of widespread nostalgia for the Dubček period and disdain for continuing Soviet presence on Czech soil. The charges mostly concerned the illegal leaflet campaign during the elections of November 1971. The subversive leaflets encouraged people to exercise their constitutional right to strike names from the single list of candidates. Hard-liners wanted sentences of up to fifteen years, but "moderation" prevailed, with several defendants getting six-and-one-half-year sentences.

A notable victim of the post-Dubček repression was a non-Communist journalist, Vladimir Škutina, who was a well-known TV personality during the "Prague Spring." Škutina was arrested in 1969, and again in 1971, on charges of slandering Husák and attacking the Czech-Soviet alliance. Released in April, Škutina is critically ill with a pancreatic infection and a blood clot, and he has suffered a nervous breakdown. At one point he was hospitalized, and his weight dropped to 130 pounds. Škutina's wife was not allowed to see him for at least nine months during his illness.

Brazil: "Order and Progress"

The ten-year-old military government that seized power from the reformer João Goulart flies the banner of "Order and Progress" and amazes the world with its story of Brazil's "economic miracle." Order and progress have been achieved by Draconian methods. The benefits of the country's rapid development go to the few, while poverty proliferates. The repression, jailing, torture, and censorship spew blood and dishonor on whatever gains have been achieved for Brazil's 100 million people.

The last fixed estimate of political prisoners, in 1972, was 12,000, but currently it may be anywhere from 500 to 5000. Reuters estimates the number of victims killed by Brazil's notorious death squads at 1300. At least 210 political prisoners and suspects are known to have died in police custody, mostly under

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mysterious circumstances. The documentation of torture and censorship can only evoke memories of the Nazis.

The army has long played a crucial role in Brazilian history, helping to end slavery in 1888 and to depose Emperor Pedro II the following year. But the tight military control that began in 1964 and was further intensified in late 1968 is without parallel in the country's history. Countering the repression has been one major force, the Roman Catholic church, which is increasingly at odds with the regime, and a broad range of other oppositionists of varying political hues.

In a horrifying document, "Report on Allegations of Torture in Brazil," Amnesty International detailed the findings of a 1972 inquiry. Names of 1081 reported victims and their 472 torturers are listed. Eyewitness accounts are given. Details of physical, psychological, and electronic torture are stated. Brazilian authorities replied by banning from the press all Amnesty International statements on Brazil. (*Index* magazine, published by Writers and Scholars International, has also documented the staggering facts of censorship and press control in Brazil.)

Political prisoners in Brazil are mainly trade unionists, peasant leaders, university staff and students, journalists, progressive clergy, and politicians or military men who had supported the democratic regime, which was overthrown in 1964. It has been charged that the clergy, after radical students, have been the major target of oppression and torture. Priests have been expelled or refused re-entry after foreign trips. Others have been jailed. Some Catholic publications and radio stations have been closed down.

An inspirational symbol of church resistance to the regime is Dom Helder Camara, archbishop of Olinda and Recife, several times a Nobel Prize nominee. The Archbishop is not permitted to speak publicly, and the press cannot report his activities. An assistant of his was killed, apparently by rightist vigilantes, in 1969. Last year a number of lay workers associated with Dom Helder were jailed and tortured.

A few of Brazil's political prisoners:

• Mañuel de Conceicao, thirty-seven-year-old peasants' leader who opposed government policies and was shot five times in the legs in 1968 before he was jailed. Released four days later, he had to have one leg amputated. During an army crackdown in 1969, he fled to the jungle but was captured in 1972, tortured at length (his fingernails were ripped out), and jailed for an unknown period. He has been hospitalized six times since 1972.

• Vera Silva Araujo Magalhaes, a twenty-four-year-old Rio student, was arrested in 1970 for "distributing leaflets." She was subjected to brutal physical and psychological tortures, suspended helpless for seven hours, given electric shocks, beaten, and whipped. Her legs were left paralyzed. She was tried and released three months later and lives in exile.

• Father François Jentel is a French-born priest who has been in Brazil twenty years, working in the Mato Grosso with Indians and peasants. He helped his village parish resist incursions of large landholders. When there was a shooting incident between his peasants and armed government men, Father Jentel, who was not involved, was held culpable on a dozen charges—including arming peasants and inciting them—which were palpably false. He is serving a ten-year sentence.

• Last January Maria Nilde Mascellani, an educator and Catholic activist who had worked for Father Jentel's release, was arrested. A founder of vocational education in Brazil, Miss Mascellani was arrested one night, and her house and library were seized. She was released in mid-March.

Indonesia: 55,000 "Tapols"

The dire human-rights situation in this archipelago is both chronic and tragic. Indonesia has a hard-core political-prisoner population of about 55,000. Few of these have been tried, and most of the jailings date back to detentions in the mid-Sixties.

In the autumn of 1965, an abortive left-wing army coup resulted in the assassination of six rightist generals. This led to a mass reign of terror against Communists, leftists, and suspected leftists that has been called "the most ruthless massacre since the days of Hitler." Estimates of the number killed run from three hundred thousand to five hundred thousand, and of those jailed, to a quarter of a million. In the aftermath of the coup that failed, twenty-six massive organizations and twenty-three educational institutions were smashed.

Who are the 55,000 Tapols (for *tahanan politik*—"political prisoners")? A Dutch Amnesty International leader, writing in that organization's coruscating "Indonesia Special" report a year ago, stated: "Officially, all are described as committed Marxists and prominent members of the Communist movement . . . but [many] are prisoners of accident or victims of circumstance. . . ." For most of the 55,000, there have been no lawyers, no habeas-corpus protection, and no defense, because no case has been made.

Torture of political prisoners has been used as a matter of "routine" and is admitted by the Indonesian Grand Commissioner of Police. Two years ago a letter written by 800 Tapols complained that "we have been pushed into self-dug pits covered at the bottom with glass splinters. We have been given electric shocks, and cigarettes have been used to burn us. . . . Some among us have been shot through the mouth. . . ."

Staggering to the imagination is one

". . . Yours very truly, etc. Type it in triplicate, get it out in this afternoon's mail, and what are you doing for dinner tonight?"

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isolation colony for politicals, Buru Island, a hot, fetid, and malarial piece of land in what used to be known as the Spice Islands, some 2000 miles from Djakarta. Here, 10,000 Tapols languish, forced to raise their own food. Medicines and clothes are also few, loneliness is extreme, and the sense of isolation is pervading. There is talk of bringing in prisoners' families and thereby raising Buru's population to 50,000.

Stark as it is, Buru is only one of scores of resettlement areas, military prisons, labor camps, and interrogation centers throughout Indonesia.

"The story of any given prisoner is a tale of personal and family tragedy that would constitute a lengthy drama or a documentary by itself."

The plight of three long-term Indonesian prisoners hints at the spectrum: Sugiyah was a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl when she happened to be found at the site where the generals were slain in 1965. An apolitical child, she has now spent more than one-third of her life in detention. Sitor Situmorang is a fifty-four-year-old writer who has been in Salemba Prison, Djakarta, since 1967. Charge: possessing writings "critical of the New Order." Siti Suratih, a nurse, forty-six, was arrested in 1966, presumably because her husband was a Communist. He has since died, but she was recently reclassified as a "dangerous" prisoner, apparently because the jailers want to keep her services as a nurse.

Tanzania: Third-World Dilemmas

Africa may be flowering with emerging nations, but human rights lie parched in the hot glare of expediency, power struggles, and racism—white and black. Considering the inequities that allow white minorities to suppress black majorities in South Africa and Rhodesia, it may seem strange to focus on Tanzania, which is in many ways a model of judicious African self-rule.

President Julius Nyerere is, after all, a world statesman who has inspired his 14 million countrymen and others with his ideals of social justice. But even in his country, the existence of several hundred political detainees indicates the human-rights dilemmas of emerging nations born in revolution and hardened by the struggle for national identity.

It must be made clear, however, that the locus of the problem here is not the large mainland mass that was Tanganyika, but rather the small islands that comprise Zanzibar, where only 350,000 live. Most victims are presumed to be opponents of the Afro-Shirazi party, which came to power by violent revolution in 1964. The Amnesty International torture report of 1973 states: "The torturers are the Zanzibari police and secret police, and some allegations have stated that they are trained by police from the German Democratic Republic." In dealing with Zanzibar since Tanzania was united with it in 1964, Nyerere has made errors that resulted in tragedies. In 1969, when he sent two former Zanzibar Cabinet ministers back from the mainland under the promise of good treatment, they were executed in Zanzibar.

Tanzanian political prisoners fall into several well-defined categories. A Preventive Detention Act has, since 1962, been used to hold large numbers without trial. These included three from the revolution of 1964. Others are involved in mainland political squabbles, such as that of the Kambona family described below. Other prisoners include perhaps as many as 300 refugees from Mozambique, some of whom quit the Frelimo movement and are held in "preventive detention." Occasionally, there are arrests of Europeans or Asians suspected of spying or of economic crimes, which may border on political offenses. Two specimen cases:

- Ali Muhsin Barwani was one of three former Zanzibar Cabinet ministers who fled to Tanzania in January 1964. Barwani and the two others had been detained for ten years without charge or trial. This fifty-five-year-old detainee hasn't seen his wife or six children since his arrest. In a 1971 communication with his Amnesty International adoption group in Norway, Barwani said his needs were: "Books, magazines, proteins, vitamins, and, above all, *freedom*." Barwani, the two other ex-ministers, and twenty-six additional detainees were released in late April.
- The family of Oscar Kambona has suffered from the protracted enmity between the former Foreign Minister and President Nyerere. Kambona split with his leader in 1967 and went into voluntary exile. But many of his family and friends were jailed for treason. Some material witnesses for the trial were detained four years. Otini Kambona was a student leader, a national assemblyman, and a publisher who editorialized against detentions without trial. A month later, in December 1967, he himself was detained under the act. He and his brother Mattiya were released in February 1972 but were secretly re-detained in June 1972. Despite ill health, Otini Kambona had been held in a tiny cell in Ukonga Prison with three other prisoners. He is now in Butimba Prison in northern Tanzania.

South Vietnam: Civilian Prisoners

Despite American withdrawal from the Vietnam war, the killing and suffering drag on. For ten years, TV and the press have dramatically documented the travail of Vietnamese civilians. Yet all too little is known of the widespread detention of civilians in South Vietnam for political reasons. The civilian prisoners are estimated to number upward of 100,000.

The Paris Ceasefire and Peace Agreement of January 1973 considered the civilian prisoner problem only cursorily. If anything, the focus on the military accords and the subsequent exchanges of prisoners of war have drawn attention away from the plight of the civilian detainees. In brief, thousands of men and women who supported neither warring side are still imprisoned, often under deplorable conditions and with the widespread use of torture.

Civilian prisoners held by Saigon (The Government of the Republic of Vietnam) in forty main detention centers and 500 lesser places fall into four general categories: (1) members of the National Liberation Front "infrastructure"; (2) those suspected of involvement with the NLF at a low level, including peasants, traders, and children; (3) non-Communist opponents of Saigon, which includes some two hundred leading non-Communist students and more than one thousand Buddhists; (4) those convicted of common criminal offenses. Saigon's practice of reclassifying many political prisoners as criminals has made the top three groupings merge into the fourth.

Conditions at such main jails as Chi Hoa are abysmally bad, with lack of sanitation, overcrowding, and a diet of food that rots the skin and the teeth. The

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worst hellhole of all for civilians is the prison on Con Son Island, whose human "tiger cages" were denounced in 1970. After the attendant international outcry, the island commandant, Col. Nguyan Van Ve, was relieved but then re-appointed in 1973! The shackling of Con Son prisoners has left them deformed paralytics.

Documentary evidence of all forms of torture of civilian prisoners held by Saigon is among the grisliest in the world. The Phoenix Program for uprooting the NLF infrastructure in South Vietnam claims 20,000 dead. It makes no claim to the number that were tortured, but the well-known practice of forcing confessions in a helicopter after one suspect has been dropped overboard is typical. A common expression among South Vietnam police and jailers is: "If you are not a Vietcong, we will beat you until you admit you are; and if you admit you are, we will beat you until you no longer dare to be one." No amount of proof of the bestiality of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese can counterbalance the savagery of America's South Vietnamese allies.

A celebrated civilian prisoner of Saigon is Huynh Tan Mam, a student leader who has been a courageous critic of South Vietnam. His latest arrest, in 1972, seems to stem directly from his opposition to American policy in Indochina. He has been brutally beaten, given injections, and is said to be disabled, with paralyzed legs. Mam and his supporters say that they are part of a third political force, but Saigon insists he was a Communist. When the government tried to turn him over to the Vietcong in a prisoner exchange, Mam declined and remained in prison.

Spain: Church versus State

"Do you think Spain is still a Fascist country?" Peter Ustinov, the urbane writer-actor, says he is often asked that, and he replies: "Only in the winter, when the hotel rooms are empty." His mordant gibe reflects the fact that Franco's Spain is still the repressive state that the dictator set up in the Thirties during the civil war, at the cost of 1 million lives.

As reported in *Saturday Review/World* [March 9, 1974], Spain remains a nation where all political parties but the National Movement of Franco are banned by law, a nation where independent labor unions are illegal and where the jailers silence free expression. The floating population of political prisoners may, at any given moment, be as many as 1000, with many more awaiting trial. The prisoners include Socialists, Communists, anarchists, Basque and Catalan nationalists, priests, lawyers, students, professors, and writers. More than two hundred conscientious objectors are in jail, including many Jehovah's Witnesses, but a new law seems to be improving the situation for this group.

In the wake of the assassination last December 20 of the premier, Adm. Luis Carrero Blanco, there has been a flurry of crackdowns on Basque nationalists and leftists. But even before this episode, police brutality, censorship, torture, and general maltreatment of political prisoners have been endemic.

Perhaps the most fascinating development in Spain's benighted human-rights picture is the emergence of a split between the Roman Catholic church and the regime. The church was once a pillar of Franco's authoritarianism, but now there is a fresh wind of progressivism sweeping the clergy. One leading clerical figure is the outspoken Bishop of Bilbao, whose espousal of Basque individuality led to his house arrest. There are countless young "rebel" priests whose defense of labor and civil rights often outrages the right wing. A common practice is for Spanish secret police to join church congregations—and audiences and college classrooms—to spy on speakers. The list of priests fined and jailed for "offensive" sermons is growing daily.

• A Spanish prisoner typical of the repressions of underground workers' leaders is fifty-seven-year-old Marcelino Camacho. Although he had already served five years for clandestine trade-union activity, he was tried again for the same offenses and sentenced in December 1973 to twenty years. With nine other alleged leaders of the illegal workers' commissions, Camacho is now held in Carabanchel Prison.

• Narcisco Julian Sanz, who was released in October 1972, had spent twenty-five of his sixty years in jail. A railway worker who fought for the republic in the civil war, he was sentenced to death but won a commutation. In 1946 he was released under a partial amnesty. Seven years later he was re-arrested on charges relating to his political and trade-union activities as a Communist. At his first trial he got twenty-one years, and at his third trial, in 1956, another twenty years. Various general pardons led to his release, but not before he had suffered from spinal arthritis and ulcers.

• Ramon Llorca Lopez was sentenced to thirty years in September 1972 for activities, including alleged bombings, on behalf of a Catalan separatist organization. To get his "confession," the authorities subjected him to continual beatings and death threats. The beatings left him unable to walk without the support of his guards. A prison doctor prescribed vitamins and sleeping pills for his condition. □

The reader may examine this survey of disgrace and well ask: What can I do? Many may assume that the Red Cross or the United Nations looks after the problem. The Red Cross, in most instances, is involved only with prisoners of war. The U.N. Human Rights Commission is tacitly the watchdog over individual liberties. But, as the *Guardian* recently pointed out, the watchdog "has never bitten anyone." Special interests and alliances make the thirty-two-nation U.N. commission virtually impotent.

There are, however, numbers of small national or regional action groups concerned with situations in a given country. Religious and secular human-rights organizations abound. The International Commission of Jurists in Geneva involves members of the legal profession seeking justice in this area. Writers and Scholars International, 35 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, focuses on freedom of expression and fights repression of writers and their work.

Perhaps the most welcoming center for anyone interested in alleviating the plight of prisoners and their families is Amnesty International, 53 Theobald's Road, London, W.C.1. (Amnesty's U.S. National Section is at Room 64, 200 West 72nd Street, New York, New York 10023.) Amnesty has 32,000 members in sixty-two countries and states: "There are far more prisoners of conscience in the world than there are Amnesty members. Our initial target is to reverse that proportion." A special acknowledgement for much of the material in this survey is extended to Amnesty, whose research department, vigilant and brilliant, keeps close watch on political prisoners around the world. R.S.

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BOOKS

The Fire Next Time?

IF BEALE STREET COULD TALK
by James Baldwin
Dial, 189 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by John W. Aldridge

Conceivably, it may now be possible for a white critic to judge James Baldwin on his merits as a novelist without inciting all the liberal pieties to riot, and without at the same time minimizing the importance of the very great deal he has taught us about the black experience in America. Over the past twenty years Baldwin has become the most influential prophet and polemicist and perhaps the most distinguished writer of his race, and he has earned a position in the moral community of our time comparable only to that of Norman Mailer as a monitor of conscience and a remaker of consciousness. His fame now secure, we have accorded him the highest honor we can bestow upon a public intellectual: We have disarmed him with celebrity, fallen in love with his eccentricities, and institutionalized his outrage (along with Mailer's obscenity and Capote's bitchiness) into prime-time entertainment.

Yet his role as America's favorite token black is not without its advantages for Baldwin the writer, however responsible it may have been for converting the realities of his cause into the clichés of rhetoric. His strategy has always been to keep constantly before us the reminder that he is a *black* writer and that black is his subject. The absolute rightness of his cause coupled with his self-righteousness in proselytizing for it have very effectively kept at bay many commentators who might otherwise have approached him with the critical skepticism they habitually bring to the work of his white contemporaries. Baldwin has, to be sure, been the object of negative criticism, but all too often its force has been blunted or misdirected to peripheral issues seemingly in deference to the idea that the act of critical discrimination just might possibly be considered discriminatory. Where other writers may be judged on the strength of their artistry, Baldwin's artistry has frequently been placed beyond judgment because of the sacredness of his subject. One can only wonder whether his other and, in some respects, more central subject, interracial sexuality and homosexuality, would be quite so effective as a silencer of opposition.

But the serious problem for any minority writer—whether black, Jewish, Catholic, Irish, or Iroquois—is that he is so seldom able to transcend the limits of the minority experience. Since his psyche has to some degree been traumatized by it, his imaginative vision can become petrified within it. Writers who are socially identified only to the extent that they are German or British or Wasp American have no such difficulty, and very often as a result they are hard put to discover a subject. Baldwin's blackness has caused him to perceive and conceive experience almost exclusively within the charged polarities of black and white, and in spite of his intelligence and remarkable powers of narration—qualities displayed more impressively in his essays than in his novels—he has repeatedly produced fictional characterizations that represent the most simplistic vision of the racial conflict. There is considerable irony in this because Baldwin, very early in his career, brilliantly stated the case against the very kind of fiction he later came to write. In the well-known essay "Everybody's Protest Novel," composed during the writing of his own first novel, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, he attacked *Uncle Tom's Cabin* on the grounds of its sentimentality and the stereotypical nature of its characters and then went on to warn of the dangers inherent for the novelist in a mechanical and collectivist view of human beings, the subordination of the individual in his complexity and unpredictability to the service of some sociopolitical issue or cause. "The failure of the protest novel lies," he said, "in its rejection of life, the human being, the denial of his beauty, dread, power, in its insistence that it is his categorization alone which is real and which cannot be transcended." However sensitive Baldwin may be to the unique quality of the individual human being, he has been generally unsuccessful in creating characters who exist independently of their categorization. He has also been guilty, particularly in his later fiction, of the "self-righteous, virtuous sentimentality, the ostentatious parading of excessive and spurious emotion" of which he accuses Harriet Beecher Stowe. Baldwin attributes this failing to an "inability to feel." In his own case, it would appear to be the result of an inability to extricate his powerful feelings for individuals from his far more powerful feelings for them as victims of racial oppression.

Jill Krementz
Baldwin—"Prophet and polemicist."

Perhaps in an effort to break out of the confines and to generalize the implications of his own form of the protest novel, Baldwin has repeatedly tried to convince his readers that there is finally no difference between the dilemma of his black characters and that of just about everybody else in our corrupt society. To be black in America seems to him the same thing as to be American. John Grimes, the protagonist of *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, could be any sensitive boy of any color who happens to be in conflict with his environment. To be an American black in Harlem or Atlanta is no different from being an American black in Paris, where a black may, as Baldwin has said, discover himself to be "as American as any Texas GI." Furthermore, to be a white homosexual in America is to be as oppressed and fugitive as any black; indeed, to be an American at all seems tantamount, in Baldwin's view, to being in some sense sexually ambivalent. Deep down beneath the layers of color and nationality we are all brothers and we are all queer.

(*Continued on page 24.*)

John W. Aldridge, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of After the Lost Generation, Time to Murder and Create, In the Country of the Young, *and, most recently,* The Devil in the Fire: Retrospective Essays on American Literature and Culture, 1951–1971.

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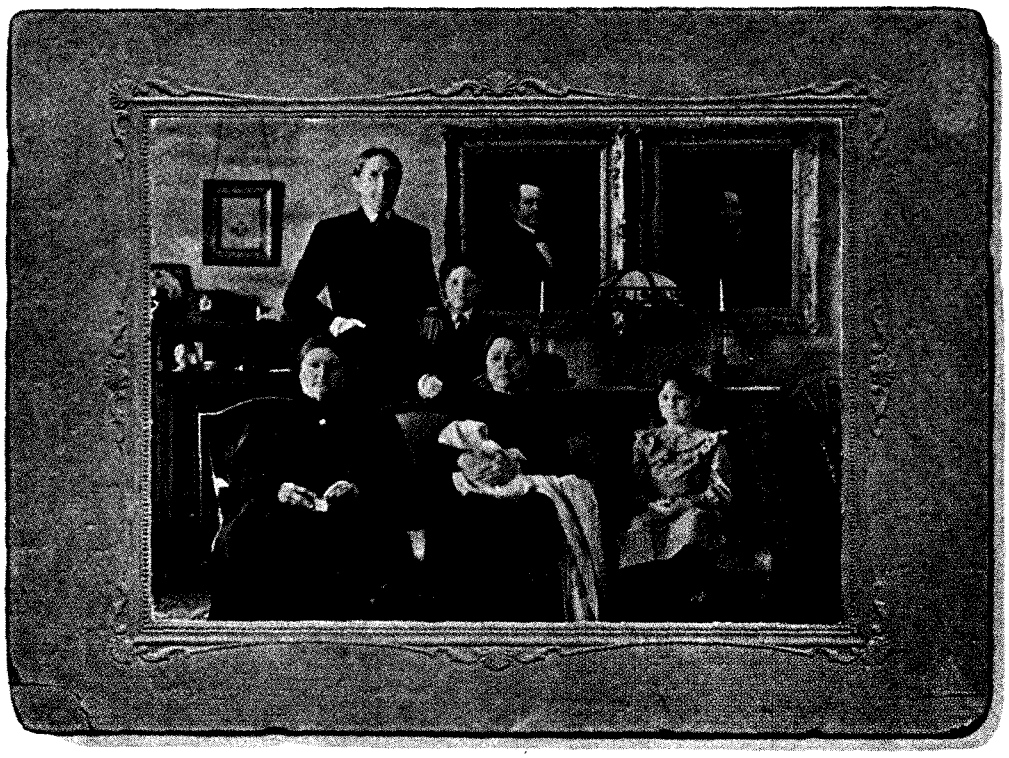

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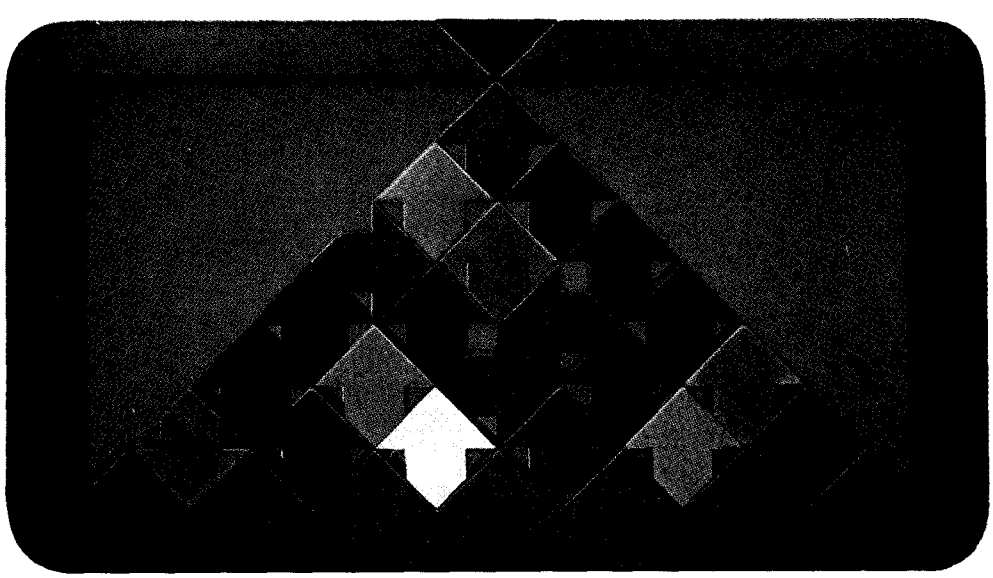

The ideal

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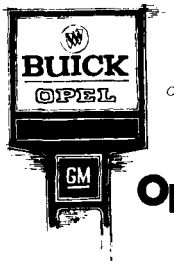

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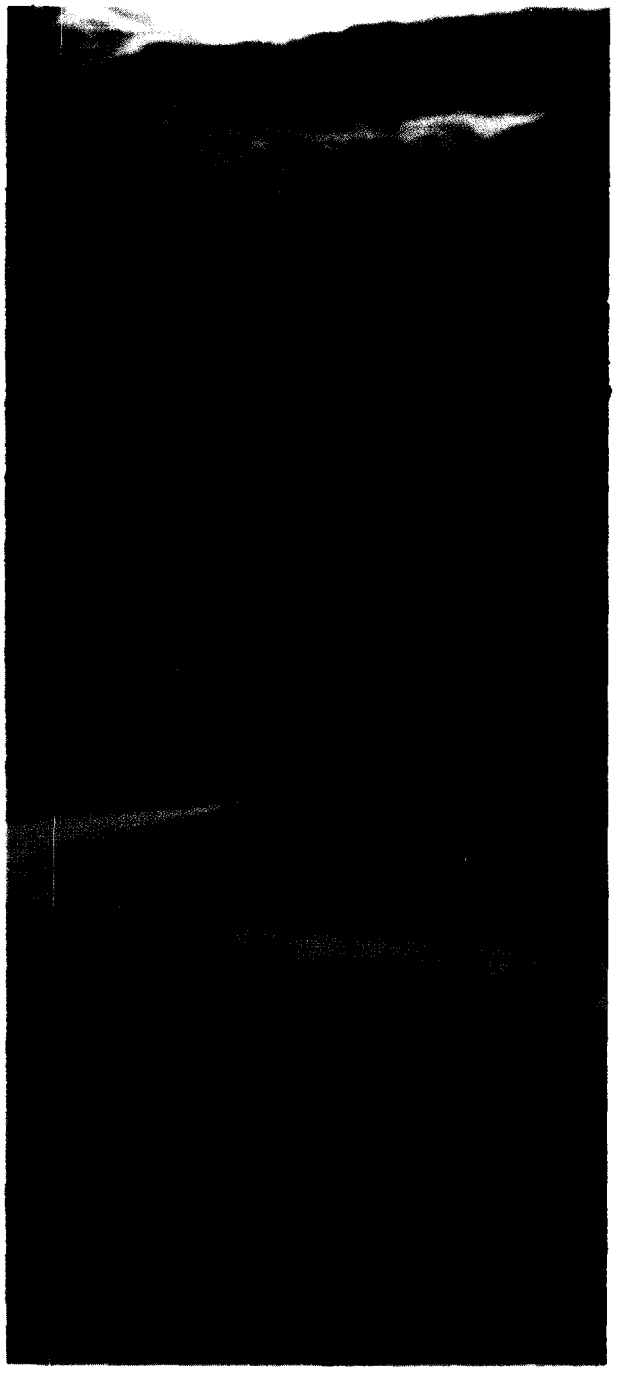

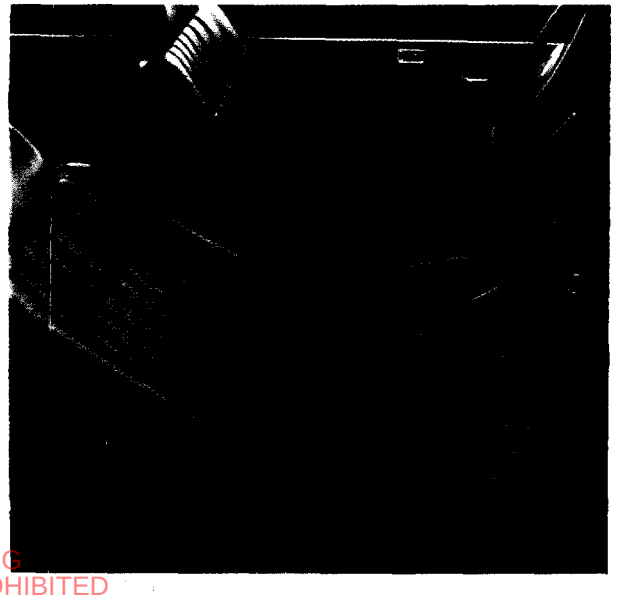

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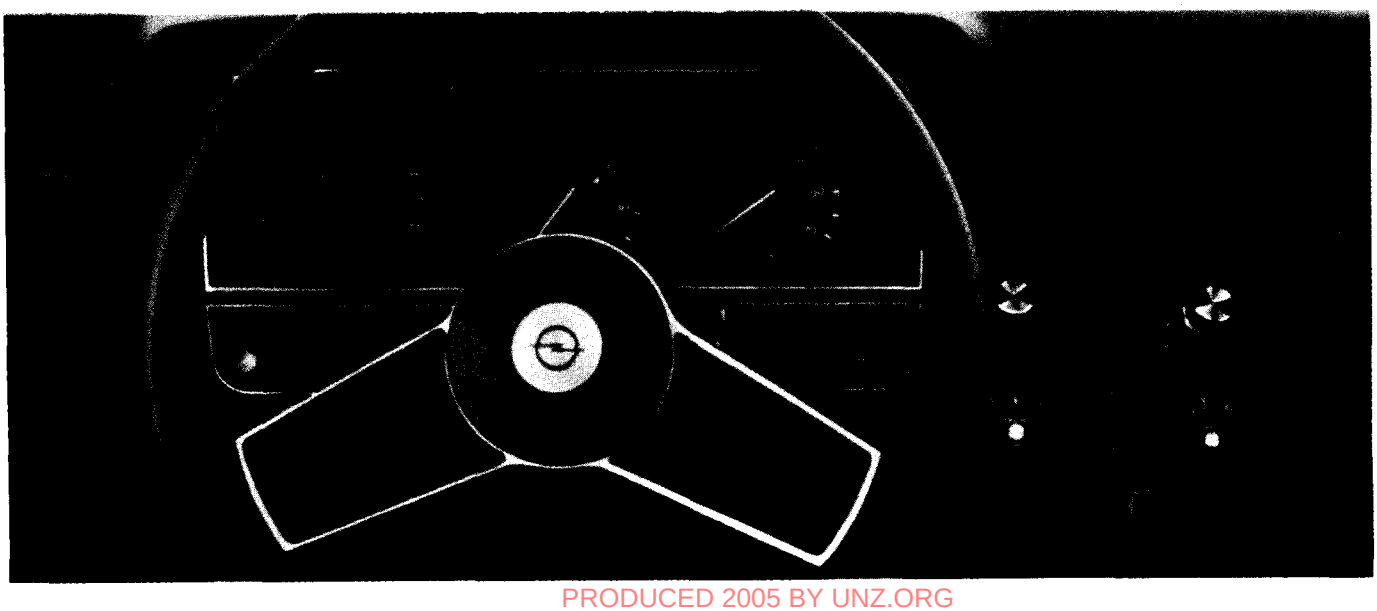

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(**Books:** *continued from page 20.*)

Whatever small truth there may be in such majestic conjunctions would appear to be outweighed by the fact of Baldwin's own anguish over the *special* predicament of blacks in this country, to say nothing of the abundant evidence of the realities of that predicament to be found in his essays and novels. If the black problem is everybody's problem, then it is clearly fallacious to isolate it as a black problem and to view it with such extreme indignation.

Baldwin's preoccupation with sexual love between blacks and whites may be yet another symptom of his effort to extend the thematic range of his fiction beyond the boundaries of race. Sexual love emerges in his novels as a kind of universal anodyne for the disease of racial separatism, as a means not only of achieving personal identity but also of transcending false categories of color and gender. It may not be excessive to claim, as Marcus Klein has done, that love represents for Baldwin "the perfect democracy, the new Eden, wherein all complicating distinctions since Eden will have disappeared." There is, in fact, a sustained dramatic contrast throughout his fiction between the generalized tensions of prejudice and hostility, as they exist in the public environment of the action, and the intimacy and trust existing between the friends and lovers who make up the inner community of principal characters. As the forces of discrimination grow stronger in the outside world, the characters grow more undiscriminating in their sexuality, achieving through countless combinations and recombinations of relationships some brief sense that they are still alive. In *Another Country*, the most sexually strenuous of Baldwin's novels, there are affairs between a black male musician and a Southern white woman, a white male homosexual actor and a white housewife, a black woman and a white male heterosexual writer, who spends one night of love with the actor, who in his turn once had an affair with the musician. The remarkable thing about these people, apart from their indefatigability, is that they are really not interested in one another at all. In fact, they are no more real to one another than they are as characters. They do not share common tastes, interests, or ideas, only bed, and when they are out of bed, which is seldom, they talk endlessly about trivia, consume great quantities of food, cigarettes, and liquor, and moon about feeling vast unutterable emotions of tenderness and loyalty. Very little happens in *Another Country* except copulation and conversation. Yet Baldwin obviously takes it all very seriously. He wraps his characters round and round with skeins of "self-righteous and virtuous sentimentality" and describes them in precisely the rhetoric of "excessive and spurious emotion" that he found so distasteful in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. One might have assumed on the evidence of his essays and early fiction that Baldwin would be consumed in the fires of hate and that his future as a novelist could well depend on his achievement of compassion and objectivity. But it seemed probable after the appearance of *Another Country* and the later novel, *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone*, that he might instead be destined to drown in the throbbing seas of sentimental love, and, regrettably, his new novel, *If Beale Street Could Talk*, only makes that probability seem a certainty.

The atmosphere of the novel is so pretentious and cloying with goodwill and loving kindness and humble fortitude and generalized honorableness that one has to think back to Saroyan's Armenians and Steinbeck's Tortilla Flat charmers to find an adequate comparison. Clearly, the novelist of protest carries somewhere within his soul a vision of the kind of utopia that might emerge if only the conditions he is protesting against were corrected and those who now hate one another could be persuaded to see just how lovable their enemies really are. In his previous two novels Baldwin produced fantasies of black-white relationships in which various characters loved and lusted after one another seemingly *just because* they belonged to different races. In the process, he took very large liberties with the truth about such relationships as they normally exist in our society and, by so doing, may unwittingly have confirmed an impression which certain whites would be eager to embrace: that actually there is no race problem in America which cannot be solved by the application of a little tenderness and the recognition that what we all really want is to enjoy splendid sex together.

In *If Beale Street Could Talk* Baldwin has produced another fantasy of rather larger social implications, this time one in which the characters of black

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people living in contemporary Harlem are shown to be so noble and courageous that one is constrained to wonder how we ever imagined that conditions in the black urban ghettos are anything other than idyllic. If to be black is to be beautiful, to be poor and black is to be positively saintly. Yet another fiction of great attractiveness to the white mind is thus perpetrated: Ghetto blacks are very happy with their lot. In fact, they are just as simple and fun-loving as the grinning old darkies of southern legend.

To be sure, there is a good deal of adversity in Baldwin's story, but it is there just to demonstrate how well his characters can cope with it and come through with courage undaunted and hopes unsullied. A nineteen-year-old black girl named Tish is in love with, and becomes pregnant by, a young black sculptor named Fonny. They plan to be married, but Fonny is unjustly accused of raping a Puerto Rican woman and is sent to prison. The action turns on the efforts of Tish and her family to track down and persuade the woman that she made a mistake and thus to exonerate Fonny. For a variety of reasons this seems, by the close of the novel, a most unlikely possibility. The woman has disappeared into Puerto Rico. Fonny's trial has been indefinitely postponed, and he remains in prison. Tish at the end is in process of giving birth. Amidst all these dark troubles, life is renewed and faith in life re-affirmed. Fonny, the sculptor, sits in prison "working on the wood, on the stone, whistling, smiling. And from far away, but coming nearer, the baby cries and cries and cries and cries and cries and cries and cries and cries, cries like it means to wake the dead." Thus, the novel's concluding lines.

It is extremely sad to see a writer of Baldwin's large gifts producing, in all seriousness, such junk. Yet it has been evident for some time that he is deteriorating as a novelist and becoming increasingly a victim of the vice of sentimentality. This seems a particular pity because Baldwin may have one great novel left within him which it would take the most radical courage to write, the story of a talented black writer who achieves worldwide success on the strength of his anger and, in succeeding, gradually loses his anger and comes to be loved by everybody. Clearly, such acceptance can be considered a triumph for a black man in America, but it can be death for a black writer in whom anger and talent are indivisible. □

At the Creation

TOLKIEN'S WORLD
by Randel Helms
Houghton Mifflin, 152 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Bruce Allen

To date, at least, there are fewer critiques and commentaries on the fantasy novels of J.R.R. Tolkien than we might have feared. "Frodo Lives" is still prominent among our graffiti, and college bookstores reportedly do as well with *The Hobbit, The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, and Tolkien marginalia, as they do with the more recent Boswellian meanderings of Xaviera Hollander or the Deep Throat papers.

But Tolkien lives. The last few years have brought a collection of critical essays, a checklist of criticism, and several books—ranging from Lin Carter's quickie paperback "history" (featuring Tolkien) of fantasy in literature, through William Ready's relentless biographical approach (*The Tolkien Relation: A Personal Inquiry*), to explorations of Tolkien's theology (Catholic) and his use of mythical archetypes of heroic quest-and-adventure. Perhaps the best book is Paul H. Kocher's *Master of Middle-Earth,* a programmatic analysis of the interrelatedness of all of Tolkien's literary works.

Randel Helms's study of the "world" adds only a little that is substantial to the territory covered by Kocher, and sensibly follows the path therein mapped out. What Helms does contribute is a sense of the autobiographical reasons for the coherence in Tolkien's work. Specifically, he shows how the literary creations sprang from the teaching and research experiences of the Oxford professor of Anglo-Saxon who became—in a metamorphosis he could scarcely have foreseen—one of the world's best-loved writers.

Helms finds the sources for Tolkien's impulse to write fantasy in two early, seminal, scholarly addresses: his Israel Gollancz Memorial Lecture, "*Beowulf*: the Monsters and the Critics" (1936), and the Andrew Lang Lecture, "On Fairy Stories" (1938). Both offer "critical justifications for ancient poetic strategies"—especially the revisionist view of *Beowulf,* stressing the need for exemplary heroic individuals and the vivid relevance of the monster Grendel as "a vision of embodied radical evil." Looking ahead to the stark ethical oppositions of the *Rings* trilogy, Helms labels the *Beowulf* lecture "not only a powerful defense of the mythological vision . . . , [but also] an equally powerful defense of Tolkien's own vision of Middle-earth."

More radical claims are made for Tolkien's "On Fairy Stories," which Helms describes as "a coherent theory of fantasy. . . ." In it, Tolkien declares that all fantasy tales occur in a "perilous land" (*Faërie*) arranged as an ordeal to test potential heroes' mettle. *Faërie* is a "heterocosm," a consciously imagined "Secondary World," which the artist brought into being by a process of "subcreation."

What is important here is the evidence of a formal aesthetic, concurrent with the tales themselves—or perhaps even preceding them. (*The Hobbit* appeared in 1937; the completed *Lord of the Rings,* in 1955.) Tolkien had invented appropriate terms, as well as some rather hubristic ideas (which he would later modify). The "creation in narrative literature of a Secondary World" then seemed to him

Bruce Allen is a free-lance writer. He lives in Kittery, Maine.

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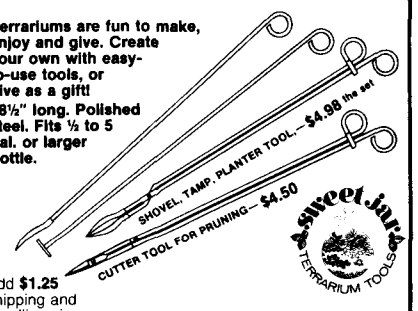

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"man's most god-like act." He insisted on the happy ending in fantasy and argued that its ability to console was equivalent to tragedy's power of catharsis.

Nonetheless, it is a considerable stretch from this point to Helms's later assertion that the fantasy aesthetic is "as demanding and uncompromising as [that of] any realism." Two rather formless chapters on *The Hobbit* contend that it is: "a book addressed to children, symbolically expressing their fears and wishes about growing up"; a simply conceived story which Tolkien *re*conceived, halfway through, adeptly incorporating its progression into a consciously unified design that made it the introductory part of the *Rings* trilogy; and a Freudian—and Jungian—expression of the hero's incipient ascension to manhood (replete with swords, hobbit holes, and any other symbols you want to talk about).

Helms seems uncertain whether to emphasize the general significance of heroic adventure as maturation ritual. It seems at least credible that *The Hobbit* is "about being born into a world of heroic necessities and having continually to descend into the dark depths of experience to confront the black elements of one's own self and the world and there to conquer them. . . ."

One may well prefer such an inference to the dutiful accounting of references to moistly menacing holes and lumpy surprises found in little people's pockets. But after such knowledge—well, how *can* emblems so obvious be trotted out for us, then casually discarded? (After sedulously following the Freudian gambit, Helms coyly rejects it, lamely claiming to have performed a scholarly over-interpretation identical to those Tolkien loved to mock. The recantation, if it is that, is almost completely phony.)

The detailed analysis of *The Lord of the Rings* is better—perhaps because the quest for the One Ring is transparently an epic of attaining to man's estate, because the slowly developing heroism of Frodo and Sam is so palpably human, and Sauron and the orcs are so manifestly evil.

Part of Tolkien's strength, we are assured, is his realistic presentation of the nature of evil—the more threatening because he allows it to remain inexplicable. But Helms himself overstates what Tolkien was wise enough to present without comment; we don't need to be told, at length, of Sauron's perfectly obvious resemblance to Milton's Satan.

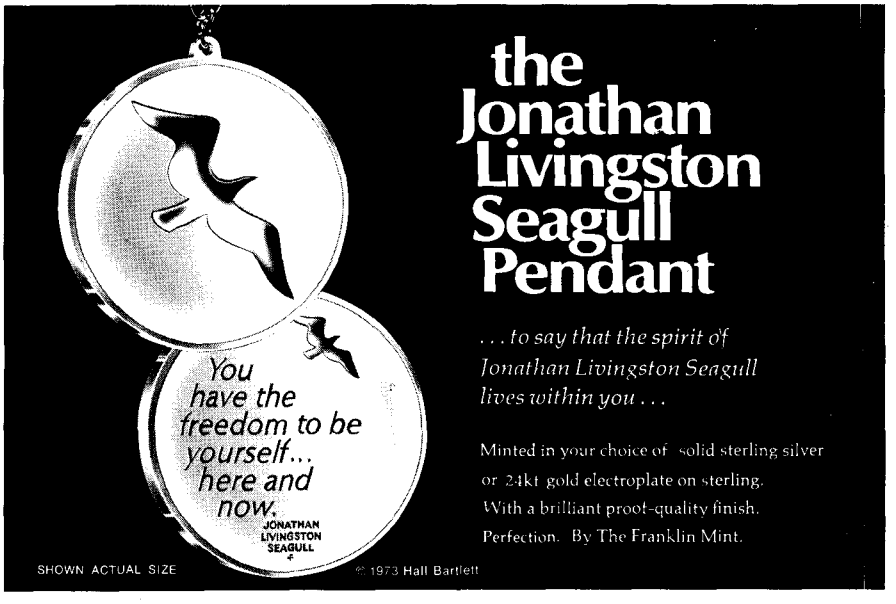
Other literary analogues are traced more skillfully. Helms interestingly probes the function of Frodo as "Anti-Faust," his determination to give back the Ring indicative of man's wise renunciation of his power over nature. A tantalizing few pages contrast Blake's revolutionary hero Orc, glorified as an incarnation of sexual/creative energy liberated, with his antitheses, Tolkien's foul and filthy orcs, whose unspeakably primal drives have to be suppressed.

Whether he is attending closely to Tolkien's text or risking surmises about the extensions of Tolkien's meanings, Helms is best when he discusses the *Rings* as an outgrowth of its creator's scholarly studies. Thus he infers, backward, from a 1953 essay on *The Battle of Maldon*—in which Tolkien referred incidentally to the hero Beowulf, seeing him as an unwise ruler, vainglorious and careless of the welfare of his people. Does this attitude relate, Helms wonders, to the ambiguous espousal of the hobbits' heroism—perhaps an appeal to moderate our jingoistic fervor amid the dangers of an atomic age? Helms fairly cites Tolkien's insistence "that the Ring is not the atom bomb and the War of the Rings is not World War II." But the question remains a good one.

There is a meaty chapter on the internal logic that rules Tolkien's world, sanely documenting elaborate parallels in content and structure. Helms posits certain "laws" peculiar to Middle-earth ("laws of providential control, of the external force of will, and of the reversed effects of evil intentions") and shows, by well-chosen examples, how these rule all that happens within its boundaries.

Helms is more erratic when analyzing the later, lesser works. He makes allegorical autobiography seem very likely in "Smith of Wooton Major" (does it lament the "imaginative inhibition" that misled Tolkien to sugarcoat his conception of *Faërie*?) and clearly demonstrates that the device figures in the later essays "On Fairy Stories" and "Leaf by Niggle," with their genial acknowledgment that the artist is a part of his time and place and has obligations to his "parish."

There's a good deal of fun in Helms's discussion of *The Adventures of Tom Bombadil* as unceremonious scholarly parody. But here, as often elsewhere, Helms dilutes the force of his perceptions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by trying too hard to make us *like* Tolkien. (He de-emphasizes the obvious badness of the verse by overapplauding Tolkien's jokes on brother academics like Charles Williams and Albert S. Cook.)

It may be only Helms's generous enthusiasm that burdens his book with awkward errors of emphasis and proportion. He badly overstates the case for Tolkien's originality, both as literary scholar and as mythmaker. He keeps on making points that have already been made: Every chapter contains needless restatements (an example: In chapter 4 the discussion of *Maldon* senselessly reiterates Tolkien's theories about *Beowulf*, already given in detail in chapter 1).

But Helms's love for Tolkien allows him to suggest reasons for the extraordinary hold these tales keep on so many imaginations. He distinguishes ably between the very different appeals made by the two major works, and the distinction perceived owes much to his sensitivity to tone as it is revealed in diction. Even when its larger analyses seem inexcusably arbitrary or simplistic, *Tolkien's World* succeeds admirably as an examination of Tolkien's rhetoric.

The revelations about Tolkien's life-in-art may help to fuel the ardor of those who are already loving disciples. Tolkien's urge to create developed (it need not surprise us) from "the need to be . . . in a world of coherence, where all is relevant and has meaning. . . ." The young who are enraptured by his stories surely see that. Though this book often stumbles and repeats itself, it labors to show how the things that a man creates come, in the deepest possible way, out of how he views the world and himself. That is a truism, but it must affect even those of us who cannot be captivated by the fables themselves. When the imagination and the life so gracefully coincide, they can strike off sparks of individual integrity and force, and even uniqueness. □

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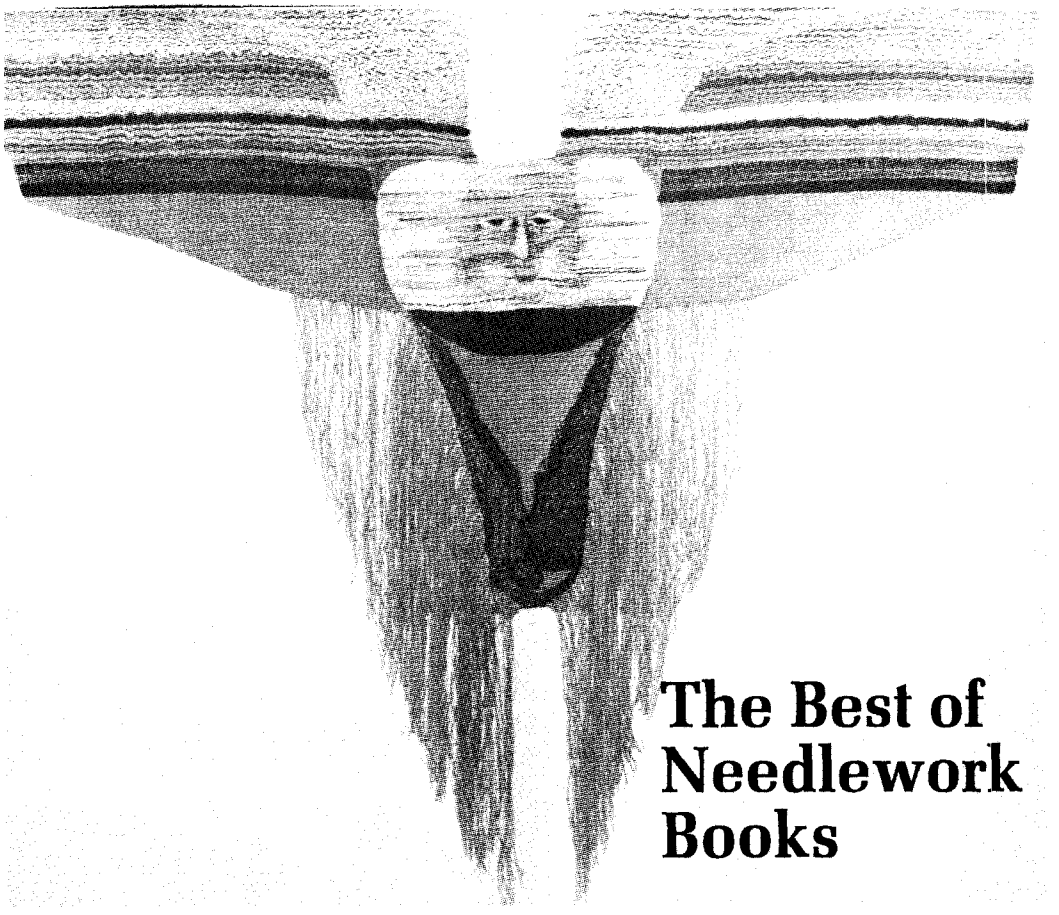

The Best of Needlework Books

From *Stitchery, Needlepoint, Appliqué, and Patchwork.*
Icarus, *by Norma Minkowitz—Textural and visual innovation in appliqué.*

by Hazel Perper

The most enchanting and rewarding occupation that I know of is the practice of needlework. And considering the many needleworking men, women, and children one sees, and the enormous quantities of books one finds on the subject, it seems that everyone else in America is in the grip of a needlework craze. Moreover, an additional benefit to be had from that practice is seldom noted—it offers, and has always offered, a splendid respite from the anxieties of contemporary living. For example: Needleworking is a great way to shut out the welter of gibbering politicians who claim to have mislaid the wrench that opened the valves that set Watergate off and running. Thank heavens we dyed-in-the-wool needleworkers need only to open a book on the craft, and we can run off to enter a serene terrain.

Books on needlepoint far outnumber those on the related crafts. I have started with my top choices, then gone on to others I found interesting, instructive, and/or useful. (There are always, unhappily, some rip-offs; I've left the current ones to languish in limbo where they belong.)

A Pageant of Pattern for Needlepoint Canvas, by Sherlee Lantz, with diagrams by Maggie Lane (Atheneum, $25.00). Here is a big book—510 pages—beautifully designed, illustrated, written, and produced. It's rich in stitches: Three hundred fifty-one pages are illustrated in large *clear* diagrams, one stitch to a page. A number of the diagrams are two-toned to suggest color variations. All stitches are applicable to canvas mesh; many are adaptable to general embroidery. Every diagram is accompanied by a photograph of the finished stitch and a brief history of the stitch's probable origin and use. Origins range from Biblical Babylonian to nineteenth-century American. One hundred fifty photographs of historical needleworks, with fascinating text, and twenty-five color plates enhance this stunning volume. An awe-inspiring work of research.

•

Stitchery, Needlepoint, Appliqué, and Patchwork: A Complete Guide, by Shirley Marein (Studio Books/Viking, $12.95). A brand-new, excellent how-to book that fills the long-existing hiatus between the old and current forms of needlecrafts. Starting with traditional and earlier approaches to the design and application of stitches—and giving well-diagrammed and understandable instructions for both—the author goes on to demonstrate how textural and visual innovations, along with what amounted to a revolution in design and function, have brought contemporary needlecrafts into clear kinship with the fine arts. The volume includes a graphic gallery of earlier works, as well as color plates of original modern works that range from many handsomes, to some provocatives, to not-so-successful and somewhat self-conscious strivings for effect. An important addition to the library of present-day needleworkers.

•

Woman's Day Book of American Needlework, by Rose Wilder Lane (Simon & Schuster, $12.50). Originally published in 1963, this classic gives complete, well-written, clear instructions, as well as dictionaries for *all* the stitches used to work thirteen different needlecrafts. A separate box of full-sized graphs, with color keys for 176 designs of works shown in the companion volume, is available at $7.50. Looking at the 140 superb color illustrations is as exhilarating as visiting the various American museums where these treasures are preserved. Rose Lane is unequivocally on the side of American needlecrafts, and her book is a marvelous historical and visual documentation of our past needleworking performances. First-rate how-to.

•

Encyclopedia of Victorian Needlework, by S. F. A. Caulfeild (Dover, two paperbound volumes, $5.00 each). Here is an unabridged version of a celebrated work published in London in 1882, "with upwards of 1200 wood engravings and color plates." Six hundred ninety-seven pages of text and illustrations make this work exactly what the title promises and a whole lot more. The section on embroidery, some thirty-odd pages, is stuffed with how-to information. Finding needlepoint as we know it gave me a bit of difficulty. After a diverting side trip, I found the basic stitches and diagrams under "Berlin work," which led to another cross-reference. (At one spot, I was stopped by a drawing of an odd-looking garment titled "infant's stays." Staring at the article, I finally realized it was intended to secure a Victorian infant's belly button firmly in its

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Hazel Perper is the author of The Avocado Pit Grower's Indoor How-to Book, The Citrus Seed Grower's Indoor How-to Book, *and a forthcoming volume on needlework,* The Adaptable Afghan, *due in the fall.*

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proper place.) Knitting, weaving, macrame, lace—you name the craft, you'll find it. A word on the wood engravings: Those given on crochet not only show how to apply and make the stitches but also reveal the structured form of the stitch more precisely than I would have thought possible. I urge all needleworkers, and any student or fan of the Victorian Age, to buy these two volumes. A stupendous bargain.

•

ROSEY GRIER'S NEEDLEPOINT FOR MEN, by Rosey Grier (Walker, $10.00). Mr. Grier's charming designs are accompanied by clear instructions, sensible, helpful advice, and considerable enthusiasm for the craft he plies with such skill. Included is a gallery of needleworks by other men and a number of young boys. I'd like to be able to say welcome to the guild, gentlemen, but there exists a belief that the Bayeux Tapestry—1066 and all that—though designed by Queen Matilda, was embroidered by three Bayeux men who later offered the masterwork to their native cathedral.

•

THE NEEDLEWORK OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, by Margaret Swain (Van Nostrand Reinhold, $12.50). This handsome book reads like a calendar of historic and needleworking events in the life of the tragic queen. The author tells us that all the designs were original with Mary, and many are signed with her emblem. Occasionally, she added mottoes, some of which were said to have double meanings. The designs are dominated by heraldic devices, royal emblems, and animals derived from sixteenth-century drawings—the latter most charming. The color plates (some of which are portraits of people) show the wall hangings and other works sent to Queen Elizabeth as gifts. A pathetic mist seems to hover over the pages of this touchingly illustrated chronicle.

•

LEFT-HANDED NEEDLEPOINT, by Regina Hurlburt (Van Nostrand Reinhold, $5.50 cloth, $2.95 paper). This dandy little book—six by eight inches, 64 pages—gives information illustrated by diagrams of essential needlepoint stitches. Added notes on the use of materials and designing make it an excellent primer to launch southpaws into a field perhaps previously closed to them.

•

ERICA WILSON'S EMBROIDERY BOOK, by Erica Wilson (Charles Scribner's Sons, $14.95). I am an Erica Wilson fan. She is endlessly inventive as both originator and adapter of designs, she is a wonderful colorist, and she shares her expertise with her readers, to whom she gives detailed and applicable information in clearly written language. "True embroidery presupposes a background of fabric," says Miss Wilson. This fine, fat book covers the whole field, up to and including needlepoint as we know and practice it today. I've never seen better instructions on how to transfer a design to the working canvas or fabric.

•

CELEBRITY NEEDLEPOINT, by Joan Scobey and Lee Parr McGrath (Dial, $10.00). An uneven collection of the needleworks of stars of stage, screen, and life—interesting because so varied. My favorite is a gorgeous peacock by Russell Lynes, which is worked in a kind of pointillist stitching. (Mr. Lynes's favorites are two trompe l'oeil hi-fi speaker covers.) The prettily flowered pattern on the dust jacket is by Julie Eisenhower, for her sister, Tricia.

•

DESIGNS FOR BARGELLO, by Nikki Scheuer (Doubleday, $9.95). The publication of a single volume on a single needlework stitch is puzzling to anyone—like me—not totally addicted to bargello. But for the passionate practitioner of bargello, here are "sixty-two new and original patterns in full color," derived from antiquity up to so-called modern art. Good color.

•

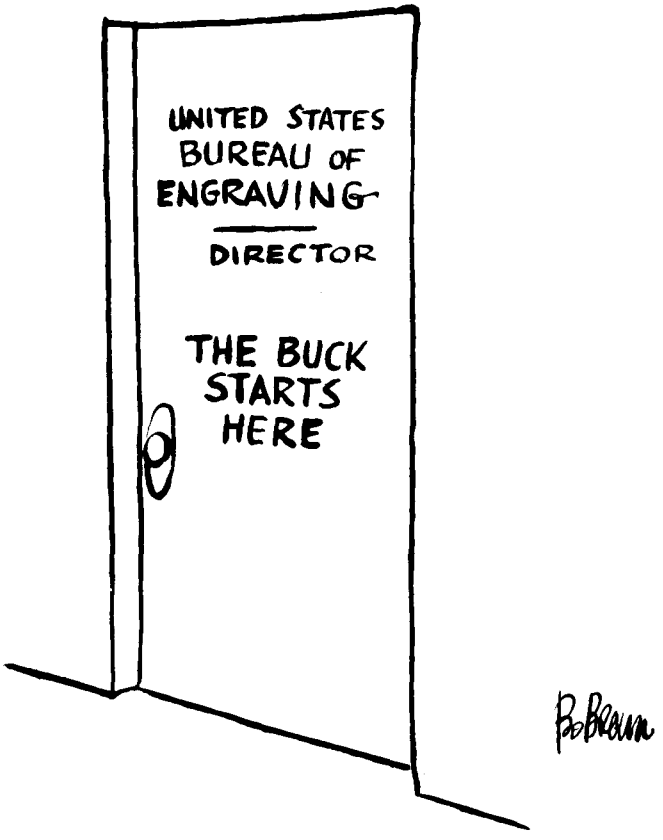
FUN WITH CREWEL EMBROIDERY, by Erica Wilson (Charles Scribner's Sons, $5.95). Although this book is supposedly for children, I recommend it as an excellent buy for beginners of all ages.

•

NEEDLEPOINT DESIGNS FROM AMERICAN INDIAN ART, by Nora Cammann (Charles Scribner's Sons, $9.95). I would dearly love to recommend this book. The sources offer endless, marvelous designs, but there are only a few patterns given here. The diagrams and work instructions are jammed together and not easy to follow.

•

NEW STITCHES FOR NEEDLECRAFT, by Edith John (Dover, paper, $2.00). The emphasis here is on perfecting the craft. Mrs. John's no-nonsense attitude demands everything be carefully worked and professionally finished. She is, of course, quite right. However, she also insists that needlework stitches are versatile and that designs should be as original as possible. Suggestions for work habits and directions for making a variety of practical articles are given. Nice buy, nice book. □



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Books in Brief

FLYING
by Kate Millet
Knopf, 608 pp., $8.95

Miss Millet's second work is largely about that—a second work after the first, highly successful *Sexual Politics*. It is a book full of fear about itself, about the process of its creation, and as such, it fairly disarms a reader. For fear of failure is its most interesting and comprehensive theme, and one that makes all the more ironic Miss Millet's choice of tone and style, for the self-indulgence of the former and the willful obscurantism of the latter are not the contrivances of a will to succeed. Her main theme here is, to be sure, about coming out of hiding: The book is a testament to her lesbian life, and it is voluminous in its detail. But it is hard, working one's way through Miss Millet's stream of consciousness, not to believe that it was a style chosen to mask rather than to reveal, that the impulse to hide is still a powerful one in her. Indeed, there is a strange sense of destructiveness that issues from this work, one which becomes stronger with each glimmer of the intelligence and sensibility that is visible every time a thought is permitted its full expression. Then one is aware of what has been squandered and misshapen by evasion, by the impulse to imitate the worst of contemporary journalism; that which has always offered its practitioners the illusion of freedom with a minimum of trouble. She has avoided the doctrinaire here, and the persona that works its way through at times is a richly vulnerable one. Her problem is of another sort. To render ideas complete, and to do so in straight prose, is far more self-implicating than the elliptical style she has chosen. It is a style that hints, breathes, and tells; yet its glancing impressionism is of the sort that never requires the ego to say "I" to any of it. It is the ego that asserts itself in the declaration of a sentence, not to say an idea, and it is the ego that has been withdrawn when the fragment is so continually made to stand for the whole as it does here.

•

CONUNDRUM
by Jan Morris
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 174 pp., $5.95

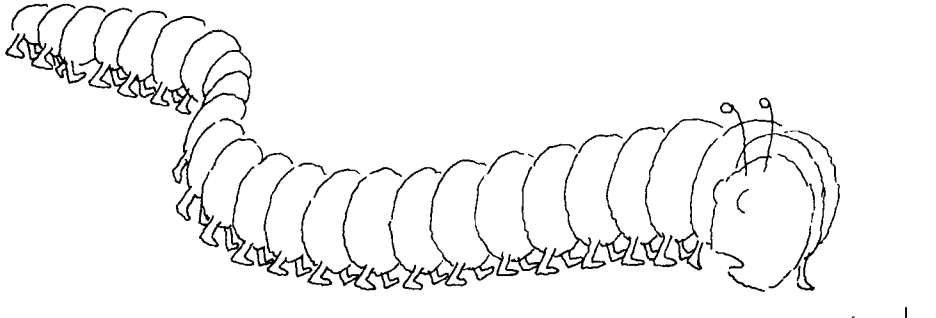
Miss Morris, who was once James Morris, underwent a sex change, as a great many people in the world must by now know. Miss Morris was, in her life as a man, one of England's most prominent travel writers. She is a lyrical, though somewhat moist, stylist, and while her prose is sometimes winning, one has the feeling that a good deal of old-fashioned wiliness goes into it—the sort that flirtatious women are given to and not the sort that writers confer upon their writing in order to lead the reader. It is neither a plodding book nor a dull one, but it is one whose cloying effeminacy is of a kind to disturb both sexes. Early on in the work, when Miss Morris explains the first stirrings of her feeling that she is a woman born into a man's body, she recalls her life as a nine year old in the choir school at Oxford. Oxford amplified the spirit and made it possible to nourish contradictory ideas in one's self, even of the complex sort a nine year old must hold when he believes he is a girl born into a boy's body. Miss Morris clothes the sexual conundrum with all the grandeur of Oxford. It is a tricky device, but she can evoke a place and a time of youth with skill, so that they stand before one. But the book's virtues are not equal to its difficulties, foremost among them an astounding ingenuousness about the nature of a woman's mind. Miss Morris learns to appreciate the fact that she has become a woman, after her operation, when she discovers that her view of life has shifted. She begins to look, for example, "less for the grand sweep than for the telling detail." She finds herself "rather less interested in great affairs. . . . I acquired a new concern for small ones." It is, admittedly, only a personal view of the sexes she puts forth here. Miss Morris has come to the belief that women are the superior sex, for she says as much, and it is only left to one to marvel at the evidence she has summoned for her judgment.

•

ONE SUNSET A WEEK
by George Vecsey
Saturday Review Press, 256 pp., $7.95

Mr. Vecsey, a former sportswriter, went to cover Appalachia for *The New York Times* and found there the subject for this slight but often trenchant biography. The Sizemores are a family of eight. The head, Dan Sizemore, had been a mine foreman for thirty-six years, first as a henchman of the owners and now as a self-educated rebel against the bosses. He is a Marxist of a sort, and Mr. Vecsey has not avoided the temptation to insinuate a throb of sentimentality in his story here and there. But the book is too brief for character in depth. Its true interest is in the sociology of the mining community, the politics of the union, and the recent fight for control between Tony Boyle (convicted in the Yablonski murder) and Arnold Miller. Dan Sizemore voted for Miller, but he is, at heart, a man who has lost belief in all but extreme politics: His son went to Toronto to escape the draft, and he himself has become an admirer of Mao. The Sizemores are outsiders in their society, and Mr. Vecsey has produced a chilling document of what such alienation means in a small, closed community. Its prose is sometimes too calculated. Mr. Vecsey opts for unvarnished simplicity, and he wields it with a monotonous hand, for complexity is sometimes required when one is rendering even the simple routines of a daily life. On the other hand, because he has avoided worse things, his work is an informing and straightforward close-up of family and community.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ



"Twenty-two's out of step. Pass it on."

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Lunar Lyrics

Not that a whole collection of poems about the moon is necessary, but now that I've read it, I'm glad the job got done. It's *Moonstruck: An Anthology of Lunar Poetry,* compiled by Robert Phillips, just published by Vanguard. Not just moon/June stuff. But the best poets have all ogled the orb—an amazing variety, old and modern. I was pleased to find an old friend in it, a poem anonymously translated from the Gaelic called "Welcome to the Moon":

Welcome, precious stone of the night,
Delight of the skies, precious stone of the night,
Mother of stars, precious stone of the night,
Child reared by the sun, precious stone of the night,
Excellency of stars, precious stone of the night.

One of the Finest Writers

As I mentioned here some months ago, I think that Alan Harrington is one of the three or four finest American writers. His most recent book, *The Psychopaths,* taught you how to spot those awful people as easily as you can spot a wig wearer. Next he's coming up with a collaboration, *Love and Evil: From a Probation Officer's Casebook,* by Dan Sakall and Alan Harrington (Little Brown, June 24). Tucson is the scene; the cast includes murderers, thieves, poor lost souls, judges, policemen, prostitutes, crazies, degenerates, dope smugglers, rapists. At the center of it all is Sakall, a poor boy grown up good—tough but decent, torn by the misery he sees but still persevering. Quite a chronicle. There are some chilling stories, some heartening, some funny, and others with plenty of blood and guts. The authors' cerebrums work well in tandem:

The road back to original psychiatric sins, I've long since found, almost immediately becomes obscured in a moral mist. . . . The only original sin I can think of is depriving someone in your care of the chance to grow up—and when love does this, it seems to me, it becomes intertwined with and indistinguishable from something wicked.

Boom, Boom

The best war novel I've ever read is James Jones's *Thin Red Line.* It will tear you to pieces. There's something horribly fascinating about men in battle —men who've trained three years to perform one fairly simple function but get slaughtered in the first minute of action. If you like to read about this sort of thing, pick up Kenneth Macksey's nonfiction *Anatomy of a Battle,* which Stein and Day will publish in June. He takes a semi-imaginary battle in Normandy, where English and American battalions, working together, are given the job of rooting Germans out of a well-fortified position in a hilltop farm. Tanks and infantry are the story (in radio communications the tankmen refer to the infantry as "our footed friends"), and the whole battle is done chronologically, from the handing down of the first order to the final mop-up. He tells you just enough about the principal characters to make you gasp when they're cut in half with machine-gun bullets or roasted alive in a burning tank. The book is written by an Englishman, but he gives equal time to the Americans (wisely not trying to use American slang) and the Germans. Some men are cowardly, some diffident, some brave or foolhardy. Like folks.

Of Everything

Here's a book with the neat title *The Best,* which two opinionated fellows, Leonard Ross and Peter Passell, have nervily put together for Farrar, Straus & Giroux (June 28). Very simple idea: What's the best Baskin-Robbins ice cream flavor? The best airline food? (None.) Who's the best movie critic? (John Simon.) Reading it is like reading a Richard Condon novel. We hear about the best tennis balls, Vice-President, recipe for chocolate mousse, chess player in the world other than Bobby Fischer, and much about the best restaurants and wines. Here's the Best Defined Job in Government: "Administrative Assistant to the Assistant Administrator for Administration, Agency for International Development."

Something to Remember Him By

"I dropped into the bar to see if anyone was there—and there was John Barrymore, large as life and drinking it away." That's from *Dancing in the Dark With Howard Dietz* (Quadrangle, just published), an autobiography by the seventy-seven-year-old Hollywood publicist and lyricist—surely you can remember words to "Body and Soul," "You and the Night and the Music," "That's Entertainment," and "Something to Remember You By"? Lots of anecdotes about the gay life in Hollywood and New York in the Roaring Twenties and the not-so-roaring Thirties, interesting tips on how to compose good lyrics, unbelievable stuff about movie moguls. Here's a bit about Dietz's New York City town house:

All three of my wives lived on Eleventh Street but not at the same time. They all enjoyed the scenery. There didn't seem to be any reason for having a magnificent establishment unless you gave big parties and Lucinda knew how to give them. When we gave a large party, one that occupied every room, so that the tables and chairs and beds had to be moved, we would make arrangements with Robert Day Deane. They would come with a moving van and take out all the furniture, leaving only the bare walls. Another van would deliver the required number of conventional tables, chairs, knives and forks, glasses, sometimes for more than 250. The van, loaded with our belongings, would park on Eleventh Street, usually just outside our house. About 7:00 A.M., when most of the guests had left, the moving crew would clean and vacuum and return our furniture as they had found it. If you walked into 18 West Eleventh at 8:00 A.M., you would find it hard to believe a party had been going on all night. □

Get a good night's sleep.

Flents® Ear Stopples & Light Shield will help.

Soft, safe Flents Ear Stopples instantly tune out noise pollution—sleep-stealing snores, traffic roars, even utter bores. 60¢ a pair, 6 pairs $1.75 at drug counters.

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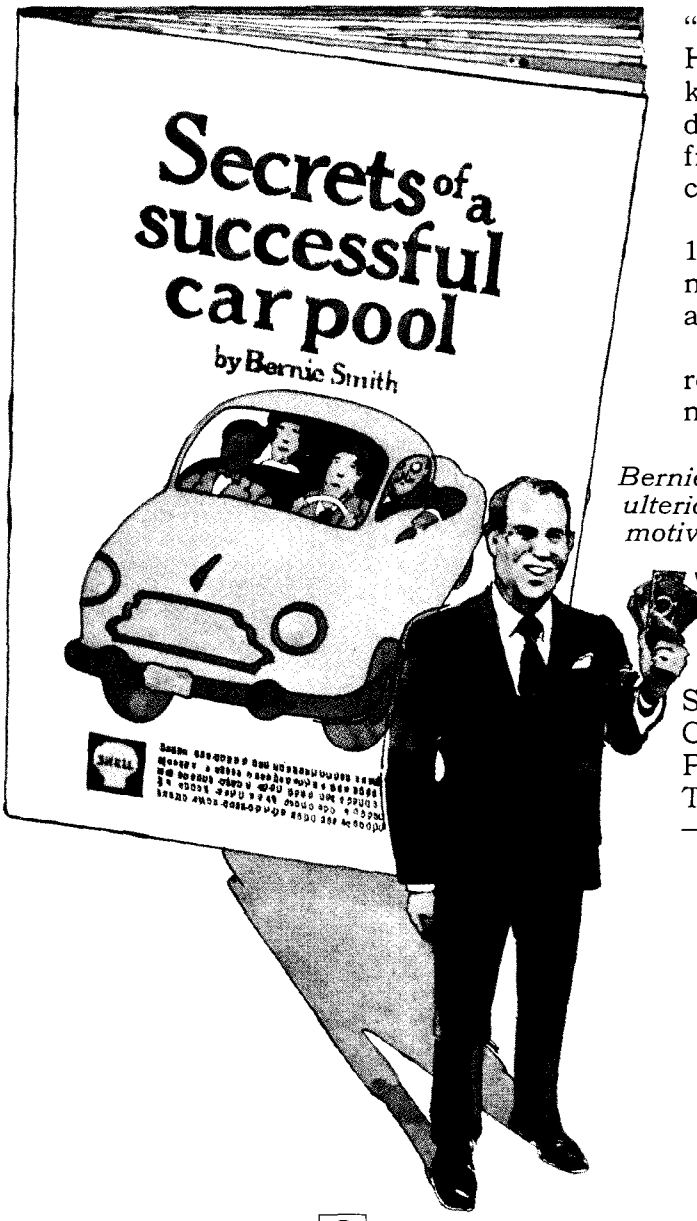
1 "My secrets of a successful carpool—free."

"Shell asked me to write this free booklet to help you handle 14 of the biggest car pool problems—and 6 smaller ones."



"Here are some of the subjects. How to organize a car pool. How to keep it running smoothly. What to do with chain smokers, gossips, fresh-air fiends. And how to cure chronic late-comers.

"I began car pooling it to work in 1970. It was the money that made me do it. I've been saving $62 and change every month.

"But it wasn't long before I realized you'd soon forget the money if you weren't enjoying the ride.

Bernie's ulterior motive

"So I began jotting down some guidelines for neophyte car poolers here at Shell. Now my basic do's and don't's have suddenly become material for this booklet.

"It's yours for the asking. (Sorry, one to a customer.) Send a postal card to Shell Oil Company, Dept. CP-4A, P.O. Box 53083, Houston, Texas 77053."

—Bernie Smith, Shell Representative, Consumer Relations

2 "The weather here can be freezing and miserable in the winter, but there's oil here."

—Toby Richesin, Shell Foreman

"This is Shell's Platform A in Cook Inlet, Alaska. We're not complaining. Getting oil is no cinch anywhere. Besides, we've learned a healthy respect for this rugged land, and try to protect it.

"I've been working for Shell here in the Inlet for eight years now. Back in 1967 we began injecting water down into this oil field.

"It costs more money, but thanks to the added push of the water, we're able to get more oil."

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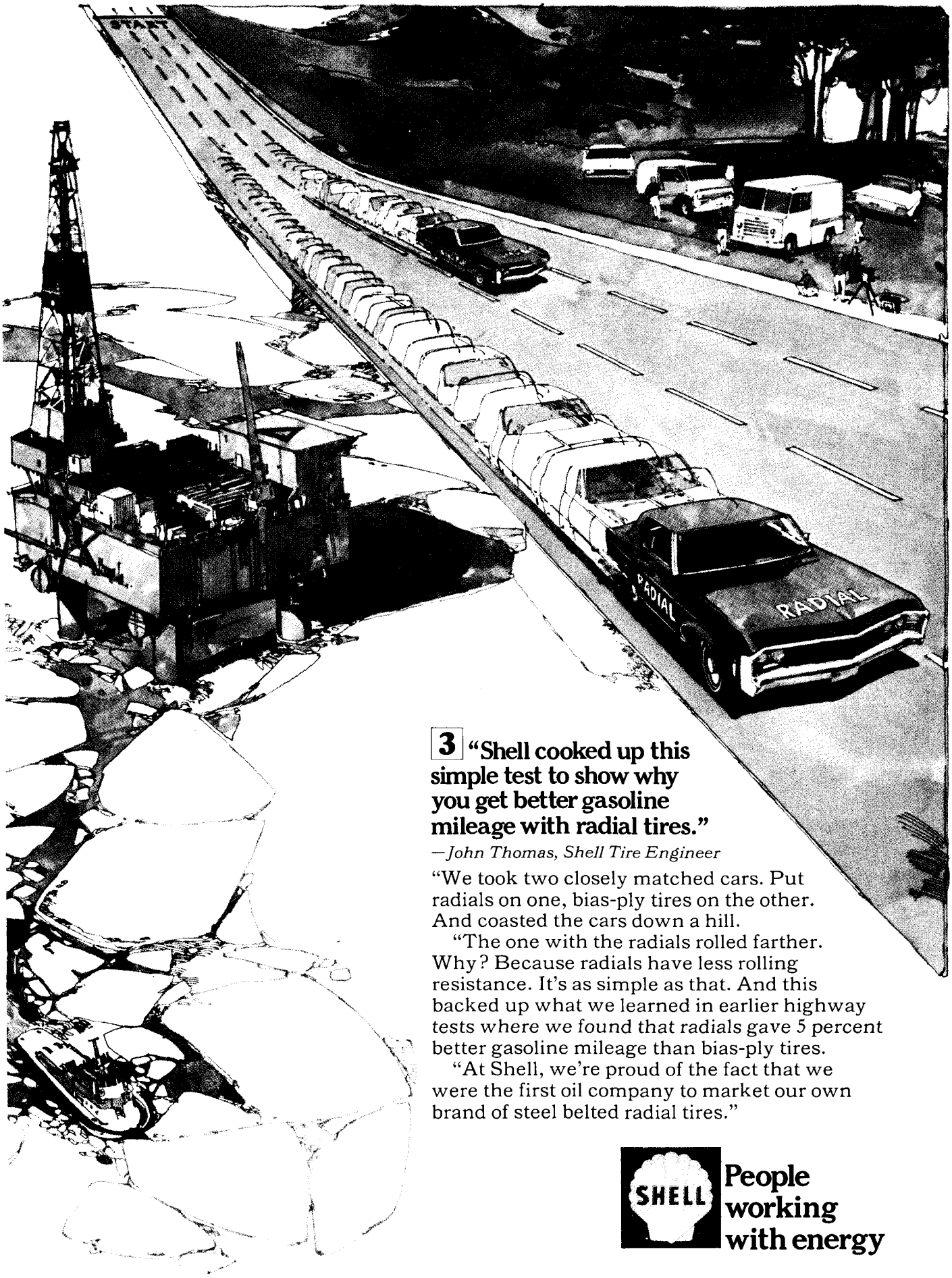

3 "Shell cooked up this simple test to show why you get better gasoline mileage with radial tires."

—John Thomas, Shell Tire Engineer

"We took two closely matched cars. Put radials on one, bias-ply tires on the other. And coasted the cars down a hill.

"The one with the radials rolled farther. Why? Because radials have less rolling resistance. It's as simple as that. And this backed up what we learned in earlier highway tests where we found that radials gave 5 percent better gasoline mileage than bias-ply tires.

"At Shell, we're proud of the fact that we were the first oil company to market our own brand of steel belted radial tires."

SHELL **People working with energy**

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Incommunicado

Dear Nephew:

Well, here comes your Aunt Lena, or, as you say, your "seventy-two-year-old hippie aunt," with some good news and some bad news. Let's get the bad news out of the way first: Due to the raise in the price of postage stamps, this is my last weekly letter to you.

How many years have we sent each other weekly letters? Don't count 'em. Now, I've decided to boycott the postal service, and I want you to join me in this communication gap. What kind of a country is it that keeps an aunt from writing letters to her favorite nephew, instead of minding its own business, which is Watergate and Chappaquiddick?

You're probably thinking, there goes my Aunt Lena on a soapbox again. But when I read that your favorite baseball team, the New York Mets, raised Tom Seaver's salary to $170,000, just to throw a few baseballs—well, I'm sure he can now afford to pay ten cents instead of eight to mail a letter. Even though Nixon did give me a small raise in my Social Security check, I assure you it's not in the same league with $170,000.

And speaking of Nixon, I was glad to see some juries convicting at least a few of the Watergaters. And I hope the judge throws the book at them. But from the way the judges have been sentencing some of those other government scoundrels (I don't call them plumbers, because, as you know, your Uncle Hal made a wonderful life for us at plumbing before his hernia), I'm sure the judge if he throws the book at 'em it'll be a paperback.

I know you're always scolding me that I write too fast for my syntax, but I hope the sentence they will get will be longer than my last sentence.

Now, getting back to my boycott of the Post Office. Every time I think back on how I used to mail a first-class letter with a two-cent stamp, I see red. And how do you like the looks of that new ten-cent stamp? Across the top, postal officials had the nerve to print the line: WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS. . . . That's a laugh. Hold *back* these truths would be closer.

From eight to ten cents to mail a letter! My God, the government must think of a stamp as a chuck steak. And who voted for the postage raise? Congress, of course. It would. What does Scoop Jackson care if an aunt can't afford to write a weekly letter to her nephew, or her nephew to her? Besides, all his mail is franked. But when you want to write to Scoop, it costs ten cents. You gotta believe: He'll *never* hear from me. Not even a postcard.

And that's another thing. Remember the penny postcard? Today it costs eight cents! I remember my father used to say, "Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves." But the high-priced way they're running this country, it's impossible to take care of the dollars. So I'm going to take good care of the pennies by boycotting the mail. As your Uncle Hal says, "They're pennying us into the poorhouse."

Well, so much for the bad news. The good news is I've found a way we can still communicate, even if we don't mail any letters, which I hope you will join me in not sending. Because I get very nervous if I don't answer a letter, especially yours. The withdrawal pains will be bad at first, but I will overcome, as they say.

Here's how you and I can picket the postal service. Every Monday morning at 10:15, Jim Hucklet, the mailman, used to come by with your letter. So now at exactly 10:15, which is 12:15 your time, we will both meditate and hold a thought about each other for five minutes.

If everybody would hold thoughts instead of sending letters, you'd soon see the price of stamps come tumbling down. Like Mr. Zimmer, the grocer, says about the price of tomatoes.

I've already started a campaign in town to boycott the mail. I had an unfortunate beginning with Mrs. Freely, my next-door neighbor. She said she loved the idea and would like to join the campaign but she hasn't heard from her nephew in years. I couldn't expect her to feel the crunch.

But there are many others who, I'm sure, will go for the idea of holding thoughts. Thank heaven, the government hasn't put a stamp on that!

P.S. Yet. □

"It's funny. I'm a Baltimore oriole, but I've never been out of Hartford, Connecticut."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 12

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 54.*

GNN JGVVW IGEDNDYU KYUYEZNY CRY GRCQJYK; YPYKW ARJGVVW IGEDNW DU ARJGVVW DR DQU CLR LGW. QCNUQCW

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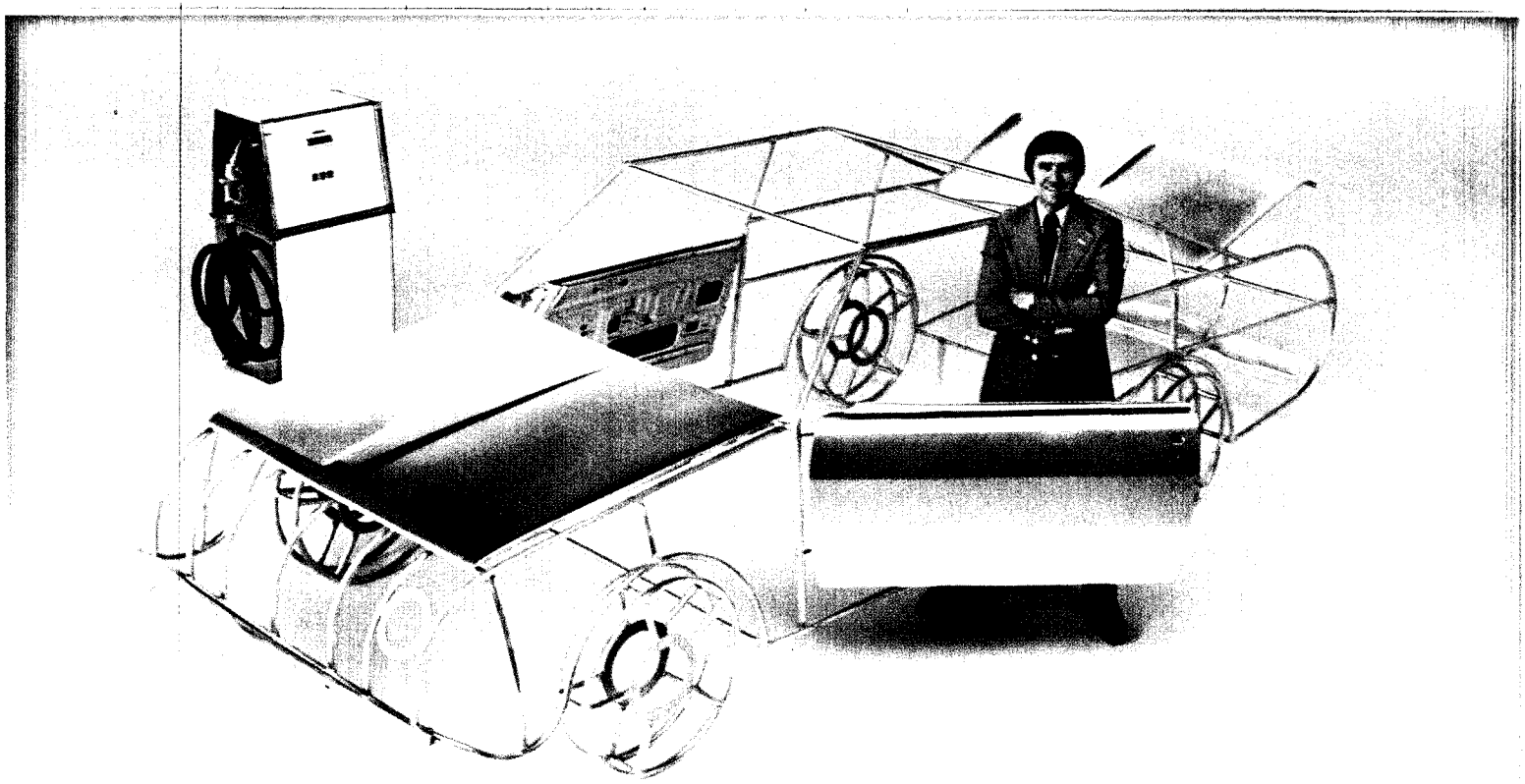

Soon, your car will be a lot lighter. On the road, and on your wallet.

American cars must become smaller and lighter and less expensive to operate. Part of their diet to lose weight will be strong, lightweight aluminum alloys.

Four aluminum parts alone could save 345 pounds. This lighter car would burn less gas. We would also save on brake wear, tire costs and even registration in some states.

Let's take a 3,600-pound automobile and put it on an aluminum diet. We'll change the hood, trunk, doors and bumper reinforcements from steel to aluminum. In steel they weigh 380 pounds. In aluminum, only 150 pounds. That saves us 230 pounds.

There's more. We could save an additional 115 pounds through lighter supporting components that wouldn't have to support so much weight in the first place. That brings our total weight savings to 345 pounds. And pares the car down to a lightweight 3,255 pounds. If the car had four doors, aluminum could save an additional 105 pounds.

Even after the car has served us and gone on to scrap, we could use it. Aluminum brings about $200 a ton as scrap, so it's worth recycling. And when more of it goes into our cars, they become more valuable as scrap. An additional incentive to recycle used-up automobiles.

If you'd like a more in-depth look at how aluminum in automobiles helps in the conservation of energy, please write for our brochure, *Energy, Aluminum and the Automobile*. We're Aluminum Company of America, 348-F Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

The reasons for using aluminum are found in aluminum itself.

ALCOA

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to building a pyramid.
The broader the base of impressions gathered,
the higher opinion can reach toward
sound judgment.
Magazines are accomplished builders of opinion.
They use non-perishable materials,
the printed word and the still picture,
materials strengthened by inherent believability.
To pyramid favorable opinion
for your products and services
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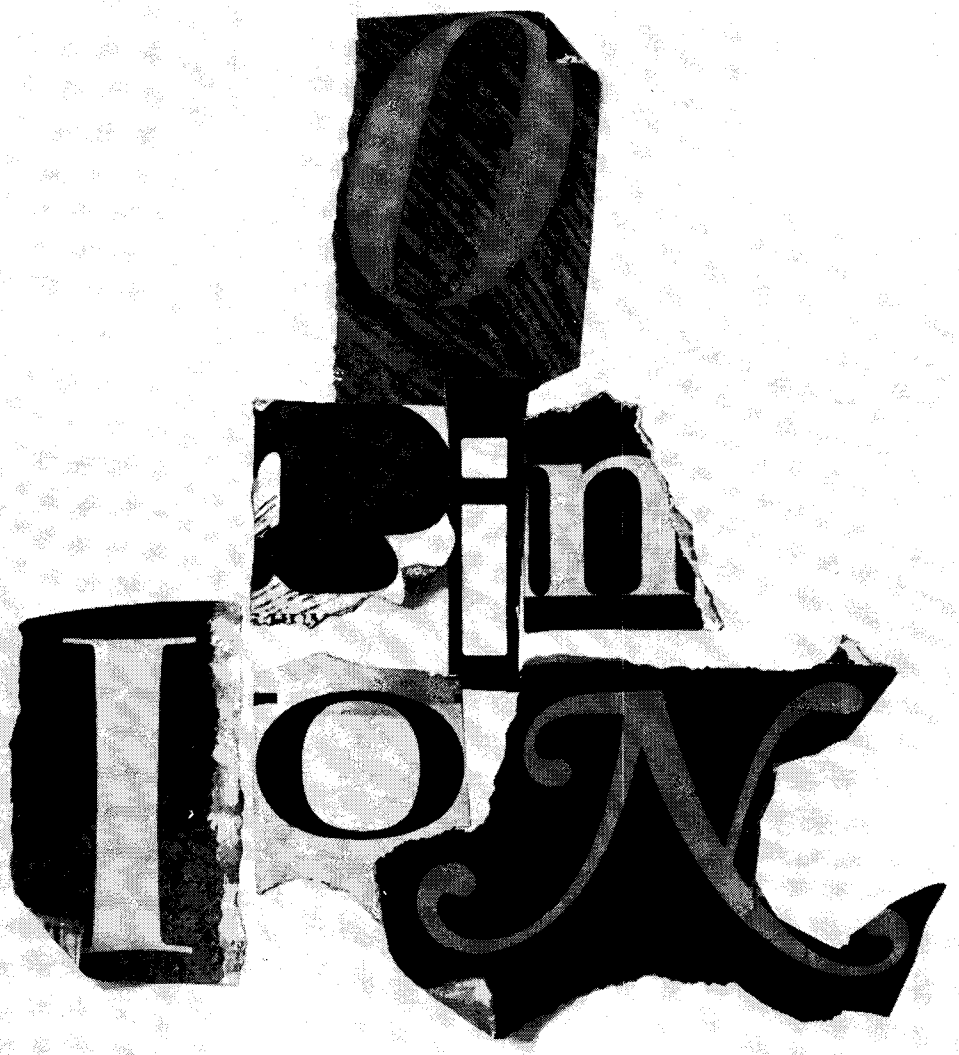

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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ZERO ENERGY GROWTH IS FEASIBLE

The Energy Policy Project of the Ford Foundation, the most comprehensive study of the subject ever undertaken, is beginning to yield results after three years of work. More than a score of major publications will appear in coming months. Meanwhile, a preliminary report has been published under the title "Exploring Energy Choices," which seriously and strikingly entertains the possibility of zero energy growth (ZEG).

After a solid but unexciting discussion of energy alternatives and of their implications, the report sets out three possible scenarios for the future: *historical growth*, which is essentially a straight projection of the recent past without concern for conservation or environmental costs; *technical fix*, whereby economic growth would be unrestrained, but there would be "a determined, conscious national effort to reduce demand for energy through the application of energy-saving technology"; and *zero energy growth*, to be achieved before the end of the century. Although work is continuing on a more detailed elaboration of the ZEG scenario, the authors' early conclusions are of enormous significance:

ZEG "does not represent austerity. It would give everyone in the United States more energy benefits in the year 2000 than he enjoys today, even enough to allow the less privileged to catch up to the comforts of the American Way of Life. It does not preclude economic growth. . . . Economic activity would not stagnate. . . . Appliances like air conditioners and dishwashers, often classed as luxuries today, could be in such wide use as to be considered 'basic.' "

How would this happy future be achieved? It would involve such measures as living closer to work, schools, and shopping areas; more efficient rail and urban transport; greater use of multi-family housing; small, on-site energy systems using waste, wind, and sun; a sharply reduced growth in energy-intensive industry and its "export" to parts of the world where energy is cheap and abundant; a relative growth in low-energy, high-technology industry and services; and manufactured products that are more durable and more easily recycled.

It is particularly significant that economists form the largest group on the project staff, for they have generally been opposed to zero growth of anything. Though the authors of the preliminary report avoid proposing which of their scenarios should be adopted, they make implicitly clear that following the road of historical growth into the future is unnecessary, unwarranted, and irrational.

(Copies of the report may be ordered from The Energy Policy Project, P.O. Box 23212, Washington, D.C. 20024. Price: $.75.)

An Effective Approach to Paper Recycling

One of the happiest liaisons between environmentalists and businessmen has been occurring in San Francisco, where five major companies joined with the Sierra Club Foundation to study in depth the problems and potentials of recycled paper. One result is a succinct *Guide to Recycled Papers*, which has been widely distributed among U.S. corporations. It clears up many misconceptions and, most usefully, includes about two dozen samples of widely different recycled papers from almost as many manufacturers.

Participants in the Bay Area Paper Recycling Project are Bank of America, Industrial Indemnity Company, Pacific Telephone Company, Standard Oil of California, and United California Bank. Working with the Sierra Club Foundation as coordinator, ranking representatives of each of these companies studied not only the paper industry and the wastepaper market but also corporate practices in the purchase, consumption, and disposal of paper. They consulted manufacturers of recycled paper, printers and designers using recycled stock, distributors, brokers, purchasing agents, and many more.

Now they are seeking to impress on other corporations their principal conclusions: that more extensive use of recycled paper and the reclamation of wastepaper would effect substantial savings, conserve resources, and reduce solid waste; and that only the corporate community can ensure the large, steady market that would encourage the paper industry to increase the production of recycled stock. Just one office of one of the participating companies is turning over eight to ten tons of paper for recycling every day—paper that used to enter the waste stream.

This kind of cooperative undertaking between environmentalists and businessmen has overwhelming advantages. Credibility and influence are immeasurably increased. For example, each of the sample papers bound into the guide contains specific information on the content of the paper: How much is post-consumer waste, how much is reclaimed scrap, and, often, what is the precise nature of each. This is something that paper manufacturers have generally been unwilling to provide to environmentalists.

(Copies of the guide can be obtained from the Bay Area Paper Recycling Project, 1050 Mills Tower Building, San Francisco, California 94104.)

Eggbeater Windmills

Most windmills, either experimental or operational, use various configurations of the two-, three-, or four-bladed propeller rotating around a horizontal axis. Even with the substantial advances in materials and aerodynamic design of recent years, the principle has at least two disadvantages: Changes in wind direction may slow the propeller before it can re-aim; and fairly complicated gears are required, raising costs and lowering efficiency.

Nearly fifty years ago, a Frenchman, G. J. M. Darrieus, developed and subsequently patented a wind machine that rotated on a vertical axis. The tips of its two bent blades were attached to the top and bottom of an upright shaft, giving the appearance of a simplified eggbeater. It did not have to aim into the wind, and the transmission of energy to the generator was direct and simple. Though highly efficient in principle, M. Darrieus's invention had one serious drawback: It was not self-starting. Other designs for vertical windmills were marginally more successful, but suddenly it is the Frenchman's exhumed idea that is attracting attention, first in Canada, now in the United States.

At Langley Research Center in Hampton, Virginia, NASA is testing a vertical windmill with two blades of balsa wood covered with fiberglass and attached top and bottom to a fifteen-foot vertical shaft made of aluminum tubing. The blades are bowed outward to a diameter

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of fourteen feet. Their airfoil shape and light materials are a considerable advance over the original Darrieus rotor. The machine may prove ideal for small power systems. It has the three requirements for an economical windmill: high aerodynamic efficiency, high velocity in relation to wind speed, and simple design. In a fifteen-mile-an-hour wind, it is expected to have a power output of about 1.3 horsepower, or one kilowatt of electricity. If tests live up to expectations, the device should meet the energy requirements of a typical single-family house at a cost, including installation, of under $1000. Energy storage, NASA hopes, will be in the form of hydrogen.

Significantly, it was a group of researchers at West Virginia University who were looking for advanced-technology applications to problems of rural housing in Appalachia that started NASA on this particular project. NASA's principal research effort on wind machines is nearly five hundred miles away at Lewis Research Center in Cleveland, where the aim is to develop large systems for industry and utilities.

Global Report

Rotterdam—This city contains the world's largest concentration of refining capacity and associated oil facilities. Nevertheless, the Netherlands is shifting aggressively from petroleum to natural gas. Its rich Groningen field is now producing more than 3.5 trillion cubic feet of gas, which represents more energy than is produced by the entire British coal industry.

Until recently the Dutch husbanded their gas resources both to keep the price up and to ensure that the supply would last well into the next century. With the change in policy, they now expect that within five years petroleum will be used only for transportation and petrochemicals. But riches create problems. Under the rules of the European Community, Holland cannot charge her export customers (Belgium, France, West Germany, and Italy) more than the domestic price. Obviously, the Dutch would like to sell their precious gas at a price comparable to that of other preferred fuels. But this would involve a quadrupling of the price of gas to Dutch consumers—an action not destined to win popularity.

Mexico City—Mexico and the United States are taking a long look from outer space at the screwworm. Using weather satellites and remote sensing devices on spacecraft and airplanes, they are compiling detailed maps of soil temperature, moisture, and vegetation—the key variables affecting the breeding patterns of the screwworm fly. It is hoped that the information obtained will make eradication efforts more effective by improving the timing and location of the release of billions of sterile flies. The test project, on which NASA and the Mexican National Commission for Outer Space are cooperating, will cover a lowland area 50 by 100 miles between Mexico City and the Gulf Coast.

The screwworm fly lays its eggs in open sores of animals and in the navels of newborn calves. The larvae that emerge destroy more than two hundred million dollars' worth of cattle and poultry in tropical America each year.

Paris—Among the twelve candidates on the ballot in the French presidential elections, a distinguished seventy-year-old ecologist running on a purely environmental ticket came in sixth. Prof. René Dumont's purpose was to seize the opportunity for some public education (in France all candidates get free radio and television time) and to goad the principal candidates into taking notice of such issues as zero economic growth, population control, and the hazards of nuclear energy.

Washington, D.C.—Of the more than 2.5 billion gallons of waste oil generated by the United States each year, the largest source is automobile crankcases. Of the total, more than half enters the environment, generally by way of storm sewers to rivers and the sea. Now that petroleum has quadrupled in price, a Conference on Waste Oil Recovery was held here to discuss how we might do the environment and ourselves a favor.

Germany, France, and Italy have strong re-refining industries, but all are heavily subsidized. In the United States the industry is a poor cousin. Among the factors that have made recycling uneconomical are the high costs of collection (especially in a large country) and the heavy contamination of waste oil with metals, which are expensive to remove and polluting if burned. But with the price of metals also rising, the 1 percent of lead found in used crankcase oil looks attractive. If totally recovered, it would amount to 20,000 tons annually.

One of the most common and most damaging uses of waste crankcase oil is as a binder on dirt roads and parking lots—a practice even more common in Canada than in the United States. The contaminants do not stay put, causing serious soil and water pollution.

Of 93 million gallons of industrial and automotive waste oil generated in the New York metropolitan area each year, 23 million gallons simply disappear, totally unaccounted for. According to a current study by the Council on the Environment of New York City, much of the missing oil is probably burned illicitly as fuel, causing the worst kind of air pollution. Meanwhile the four refineries in the area are operating at only 45 percent of capacity.

London—To present the views of the international oil industry to the United Nations Environment Program and other international agencies concerned with environmental protection, the International Petroleum Industry Environmental Conservation Association (IPIECA) has been formed here by some twenty oil companies and associations. Its principal purpose will be to ensure "that intergovernmental action on environmental matters which impact on the international petroleum industry will be taken on an informed basis."

Membership in IPIECA is expected to reach about thirty companies and associations in most of the major producing, as well as the consuming, nations. The Soviet Union, however, has not responded to membership invitations.

With a starting budget of $240,000 and a staff of four, the association has set up headquarters here in offices leased from British Petroleum, whose representative is the chairman of the organization. (Address: 110 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.)

Maurice Strong, executive director of UNEP, has specifically encouraged the creation of this kind of organization by the major international industries as a means of facilitating consultation and cooperation.

Rome—Throughout the Mediterranean region, about 165,000 tons of high-value fish are produced each year by aquaculture. Brackish water impoundments, where the intensive cultivation takes place, total nearly 2.5 million acres. The output per acre varies enormously; estimates range from an average of 130 pounds in Italy to as high as 420 pounds in Spain.

A study prepared for the Food and Agricultural Organization reports that this higher figure could be doubled with more intensive techniques of cultivation. Without improved productivity, the total output from lagoons seems certain to decline as pressure mounts for alternative uses of coastal zones. Many areas suitable for aquaculture are disappearing under the bulldozers of developers, and industrial and agricultural pollution is making some lagoons unfit for raising fish.

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The Cigar: A Fervent Footnote to History

This is a true story. It happened in Washington during World War II. The hero of my tale was (and is) a clean-cut, patriotic helot in the State Department whom I shall call Robin Debris.

Robin, a Princeton graduate, entered the State Department, where, by demonstrating exceptional probity, vision, and correct spelling, he raced up the spatsy ladder to become a speech-writer for our august Secretary of State.

Now, it came to pass (a phrase which usually precedes bad news) that the Secretary of State was scheduled to deliver an important speech at a Monday conference. And Robin was obliged to fuse a dozen departmental drafts of that speech into one historic oration.

How Robin worked on that fateful text over the weekend! He told his wife, Hester, how important the assignment was. On desk, sills, cabinets, floor—Robin spread out all the working drafts and policy guidelines and top-secret alarums. Had you seen Robin's study, you would know what Sherman meant when he said, "War is hell."

By ten o'clock on the fateful Sunday night, Robin headed into the Final Draft. He reached for a cigarette. . . . The pack was empty.

Robin cursed. He opened a desk drawer, then another and another. No cigarettes. He stormed into the living room and ran through the teak boxes and glass coffin where Hester always kept cigarettes. He found not one fag. So he collected all the butts in the ashtrays and lighted one after another greedily—and wrote on. By 10:45 not a smidgen of a stub remained.

So Robin scoured the kitchen, disemboweled two cabinets, rummaged through every closet—frisking every pocket in his coats, suits, robes, pajamas. He hopped around like a sex-starved rabbit, opening bonbon boxes and Wedgwood jars and trinket containers.

By this time Hester was wide awake. When Robin told her about his Armageddon, they frantically searched together. They searched high, they searched low, they even searched each other. They probed under couch cushions, wiggled under sofas, sifted through wastebaskets.

You may be wondering why Robin did not hop into his car and zip over to the corner drugstore or friendly supermarket. Stores in that quasi-southern metropolis closed around ten o'clock, when I was doing time there—and still may.

By 11:36 Robin had sunk into a Queen Anne chair, babbling, and Hester was wringing her Hawthorne hands.

"Oh ———!" shouted Robin, taking the name of the Lord in vain. "Why, *our whole* post-war policy may depend upon this speech and—" At this point Robin's glazing eyes unglazed—for they had fallen upon The Cigar. A vulpine gloat oozed across his features. . . .

The Cigar rested inside a small, sealed glass case, which occupied the place of honor in the center of the mantel on the marble fireplace. The Cigar had adorned —nay, had sanctified—every mantelpiece in every abode Robin and Hester had occupied from the day they were married. The Cigar and its case ranked as a family heirloom—Hester's family, that is. An inscribed silver plate, screwed into the mahogany base of the case, read:

This Cigar
Was Presented To
Sgt. Martin Willoughby
of the Eighty-third Infantry
by
GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT
during the parade up Fifth Avenue in
New York City in May 1866

Robin's eyes glittered as he rose.

"No! No!" Hester flung her body between the husband she loved and The Cigar she had inherited.

"It's not for *me*. . . ." Robin murmured.

"Grandfather Willoughby put that Cigar in his *will*!" pleaded Hester.

"I know," leered Robin. "But this is a *national emergency*!"

"My grandfather broke ranks while his regiment was parading up Fifth Avenue because he was so overcome with emotion when he beheld Ulysses S. Grant in the front row of the reviewing stand!"

"Yes, dear." Robin was looking around for a stout, destructive object.

"And he *crawled* up that reviewing stand to cry, 'General Grant, I served under you at Shiloh!' And Ulysses S. Grant *in person*—" Hester's eyes were flashing fire now—"leaned down and said, 'Mighty proud to know you, son!' —and *handed Grandfather Willoughby that Cigar!!*"

"How fortunate," smiled Robin, unlacing a shoe.

"No! I forbid it!" cried Hester.

"Think!" thundered Robin. "If Grandfather Willoughby were here right now, knowing *why* I want to do such a dastardly thing as break that case and take that Cigar so that *I can do my duty to our country*—"

"No . . ." whimpered Hester.

"—making it possible for the Secretary of State to make a critical wartime speech—"

Hester Lou was sniveling incoherently.

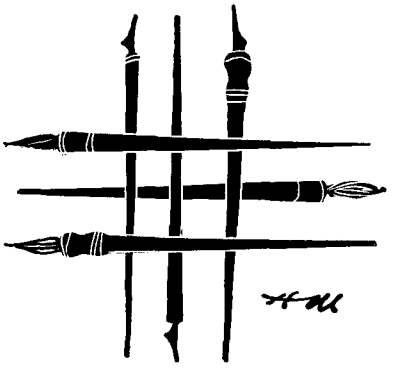
"—I ask you, in all candor and honesty," slashed Robin, "What do you think that peerless patriot, Grandpa Martin Willoughby, would say?!"

Moaned Hester, "He would say, 'Nothing should stand between a man and his duty.' Go on. Break the glass!"

Robin tried to look as noble as Lancelot as he raised his shoe and tap-tap-tapped the glass. It cracked. Carefully, tenderly, Robin extracted the shards from their silver frame. He lifted The Cigar out with the reverence it merited, and he struck a match, brought the flame to The Cigar, sucked in three delicious puffs, exhaled the smoke in a blissful cloud, and the cigar exploded.

THE CIGAR EXPLODED in Robin's face just the way it should have exploded in Martin Willoughby's face, eighty-eight years earlier, just the way Ulysses S. Grant had wanted. Old "Unconditional Surrender" used to pass out trick cigars right and left, for reasons no biographer has been frank enough to explain.

The tale of The Cigar brings a lump to my throat whenever I think of it. It was the longest-delayed practical joke in American history. □



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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Mythologies: The Iceman

The frozen-food man delivered an order yesterday, and one of my sons' friends, a boy I know only as Joe, wandered into the cellar as we were checking the order sheet and storing the stuff in the freezer. A quarter of a cow makes a lot of packages along with the frozen juices, vegetables, ice cream, and the various prepared nauseas my sons prefer to food. "If my grandmother had had all this food," the man said, "she'd be crying, 'Where can I put it?' "

"Didn'ja have a freezer?" Joe asked.

"Son," the man said, "in my house we didn't even have a refrigerator until after World War II."

"Whered'ja keep ya food?" Joe asked.

I saw that he was serious. "In the icebox," I said.

"The old-a ice-a bokesa," the man said.

"But whered'ja get the ice?"

"For a long time," I explained, "it was pond ice. It was cut in the winter and stored in sawdust."

"Sawdust and dirty pond water!"

Ah, world! "It wasn't always dirty," I said, "and any fish you got in it were free." I had tried a joke and turned it into a dead fish. "But they did get around to freezing it later in icehouses —where I lived, sometime around 1925." I discovered I had thrown that in by way of apology for my joke, but the dial he used for a face gave me back no reading.

I decided to remember all of it for him. "An iceman used to come around with a horse-drawn wagon loaded with 100-pound blocks of ice. We were given square cards that read *ice* and, on the four sides in succession, 25, 50, 75, 100. If we wanted ice, we put the card in the window, and the side we turned up told him how much to bring us. He had a pick for cutting the ice and tongs for carrying it. If we ordered a whole 100-pound chunk, he slung it on his back. He wore a rubber cape to keep the melt out of his shirt and a rubber apron in front to protect his pants. The wagon dripped all the way down the summer street, and the block of ice dripped all the way up the steps, along the hall, and through the kitchen to the icebox."

I found myself remembering it faster than I could say it. "The icebox had a catch basin under it to catch the melt, and if you forgot to empty out the basin, you got an overflow that made a dangerous slick on the kitchen linoleum. Later my uncle bored a hole in the floor and ran a hose from the drip tube to a sink in the kitchen, and I didn't have the catch-basin chore to do anymore. That was fancy; but *really* fancy houses had a doghouse door in the wall behind the icebox, and the iceman could wrestle the ice in place from the outside without leaving a trail of water drops across the kitchen floor. . . ."

I caught Joe looking at me in that drawn, blank way these kids use to register muted disdain. I had, I understood, lost my cool. He had asked about the birds and the bees, and I had lectured him on the sex life of the rhinoceros. Joe, I told myself, was ignorant enough to feel superior to anything.

The snippet! I wasn't about to cool it for his sake. I was remembering it hot. I was seeing those summer days when the ice wagon dripped down the street, followed by kids who begged for, and always got, the slivers the ice pick knocked off the blocks. Sure, there was a cart that sold ice cream and Italian ices, but who had a nickel? Besides, the iceman was the friend of every kid in town. He had to like kids: He lived in a swarm of them. We repaid him by plucking grass and feeding his horse. The horse's nose was the perfection of velvet.

I didn't bother to tell Joe that. I was remembering for the Undefended Parents of America, and it is to them that I address this memoir. Maybe you can make a game of this column, parents. Read it to your brats, then see how much more you can remember of what they never have known. You could start, for example, with bituminous and anthracite. Once you get the ash cans hauled to the curb, there is chicken plucking, the Model T, manure spreading (remember when there used to be such stuff?), the old Mack truck with solid rubber tires and a chain drive, barber-shop shaves, old-time razzle-dazzle electioneering, and, yes, bathtub gin, all just for openers. If your brats will sit still for it, it just might make a happy evening around the . . . uh . . . baseboard radiation. □

"Why is it that every time we face reality it's something unpleasant?"

WIT TWISTER NO. 23

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 54.

Tan wasps abound, and brown-scaled snakes lie curled
Beside the Niles and __ __ __ __ __ __ of this world;
And when the aborigine imbibes,
These __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ oft __ __ __ __ __ __ his __ __ __ __ __ __ __.

Contributed by Ernst Theimer, Rumson, New Jersey

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A Psychoanalyst's Indictment of "The Exorcist"

by Ralph R. Greenson, M.D.

The Exorcist is a menace, the most shocking major movie I have ever seen. Never before have I witnessed such a flagrant combination of perverse sex, brutal violence, and abused religion. In addition, the film degrades the medical profession and psychiatry. At the showing I went to, the unruly audience giggled, talked, and yelled throughout. As well they might: Although the picture is not X-rated, it is so pornographic that it makes *Last Tango in Paris* seem like a Strauss waltz.

Above all, I resent the way in which the movie depicts a twelve-year-old child who causes three deaths, inflicts untold suffering on everyone near and dear to her, and who, during seizures, shamelessly goes in for bloody masturbation with a crucifix—this, among other sexual perversities. Throughout, Regan, the afflicted child, is represented as being merely a poor innocent victim of demonic possession. The devil made me do it—that is the total explanation the film offers. Regan is not only quite innocent, says the movie, but also is burdened by no consequences of the experience—no memories, no scars, no inner conflict. It is significant that you never see or hear Regan struggle against the devil who possesses her.

The Exorcist is supposed to be based on a true instance of modern-day possession, but I wonder about that. Like most psychiatrists, I have seen patients with one or another of the hair-raising symptoms that plague Regan, but I have never encountered, or even heard of, any single patient bristling with all the bizarre, morbid symptoms the girl in the movie exhibits. It is my conviction that *The Exorcist* was contrived to appeal to a wide audience, to attract and scare the wits out of troubled and disoriented people—by appealing to their voyeuristic impulses, their sadism, and their masochism. It also tries to titillate these unfortunates by making their panic-fears sexually exciting. Those in the audience who do *not* quake and shiver may well be experiencing a "counterphobic reaction"—a kind of chest-pounding pride in their ability to absorb all this shocking stuff without blinking an eye or turning a hair. And the women-haters among them will certainly applaud the film's shameless degradation of women's sexuality.

Am I putting the case too strongly? I think not. Just consider the movie's plot: Regan, a cheerful, healthy twelve-year-old girl, the only child of a divorced actress, gradually develops bizarre symptoms during sleep—symptoms alien to her character when she is awake. Strange knocking sounds fill her bedroom, her bed rises into the air, and she shouts profanities and blasphemies in a heavy masculine voice. As the illness progresses Regan develops coarse, masculine, waxy facial features, a black hairy tongue, and physical strength so prodigious that she has to be tied down in bed. All medical and psychiatric attempts at diagnosis and treatment fail pitifully, and the frantic mother finally persuades a priest with psychiatric training to call in an old priest experienced in exorcism. The old man dies of a heart attack during the exorcism rite. In desperation, the younger priest takes over the exorcist's role, takes Regan's demon into himself, and kills both himself and the devil by plunging out the window of the girl's upper-story bedroom.

Now, all these improbable, hyperthyroid goings-on are dynamite at the box office, but I soon learned that the film's effect on some people is devastating. Several months ago I received a hysterical phone call from an intelligent, stable, young social worker whom I had known professionally for six years. She was in a state of utter panic and begged me to see her immediately. I saw her at my home, where she told me, shivering with fright, that her husband had persuaded her to see *The Exorcist* the evening before. Almost from the moment she left the theater, she had experienced a return of intense fears and phobias she could only dimly recall from her early childhood. She was afraid to be alone in a room even if her husband was elsewhere in the house, afraid to be in the dark, afraid to leave the house, and so on. It was easy for me to show her that the movie had remobilized her fears of God's punishment carried out by the Devil, with which her parents had threatened her in her early childhood. This insight was partially helpful, and after a few visits I arranged to send her to a colleague for further psychotherapy.

A week later, I received another emergency call, this one from a brilliant young university professor who had to see me "in order to let the devils inside me come out." He chose me because he felt I would not be killed by his devils. I had to see him three times in one day to allow him to rave, rant, cry, stamp his feet, bang his fists, until he became exhausted. At the end of the third visit, when he was relatively coherent, he told me that he had long felt he had an evil, psychotic core but that *The Exorcist* had convinced him that this core was the Devil himself. I also arranged for him to have further

Why should a fictional movie cause grown men and women to quake and shiver?

Ralph R. Greenson, M.D., is clinical professor of psychiatry at UCLA's School of Medicine, Westwood, California, and a training analyst at the Los Angeles Institute for Psychoanalysis.

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therapy. Both he and the young social worker, seemingly much improved, are still undergoing treatment.

NATURALLY, these closely related emergency cases caused alarm bells to ring in my mind. Asking around among colleagues of mine—men with impeccable institutional bona fides—I found that all of them had also recently treated patients who had suffered disruption, "freaking out," or other psychotic episodes after seeing *The Exorcist*.

Inquiring further, I learned that acute neurotic and psychotic reactions to this picture were common right across the country. One survey reported an average of six men fainting and six women vomiting at every showing. An editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* said, "*The Exorcist* is heady stuff. Men and women, having seen it or part of it, leave because they cannot tolerate it; they faint, they vomit, they are consulting physicians in the belief that they or their children are 'possessed.' "

This is not to say, of course, that *everyone* who sees the film will be harmed. People who are psychologically healthy will be untouched, disgusted, or even slightly amused by the lurid plot. But for people whose emotional equilibrium is unstable, the story may be quite different. The young social worker mentioned above had, on seeing the picture, regressed back to childhood and was reliving fears she had experienced when she was four or five years old. In all, it is safe to say that the picture may well prove harmful to anyone whose emotional and mental balance is precarious.

WHAT IS "DEMONIC POSSESSION," and why should a fictional movie on the subject cause grown men and women to quake and shiver? I believe that Freud has given us the basic psychological understanding of the phenomenon and the key to its treatment. Freud thought that the old belief in witchcraft and the Devil, angels and gods, never died out but merely went underground, repressed in the unconscious mind while being repudiated by man's rational mind. In all of us, therefore, the spirit of heavenly goodness or hellish evil persists. We see this overtly in psychotics and covertly in neurotics and other emotionally infantile characters. We also find it in the dreams of normal persons, especially in nightmares and in "daymares," frightening conscious fantasies. Although we feel relatively helpless temporarily, with the return of consciousness, the mature self restores our adult identity. To Freud, the Devil represented the patient's bad and reprehensible wishes, derivatives of instinctual impulses that had been repressed. Today, said Freud, we recognize such fantasies as having their abode in our mental and emotional life. Freud believed that the feeling of being possessed by the Devil stems from the fact that the Devil is a substitute for the father. In *The Exorcist*, please note, young Regan had lost her father by divorce—a disruptive, often shattering, experience for a child.

The Devil and God, said Freud, are both derived from the father. God, as he is perceived by children, is an exalted father figure. Religious people call God "our Father" and call themselves "His children." This primal image of father survives in all of mankind. It is ambivalent: It contains love and hate simultaneously, a longing to please and submit along with spite and defiance. Some part of it may be conscious, but in most rational people it is predominantly repressed and unconscious.

Hence, the good, loving father is God, and Satan is created out of the hateful impulses the child feels toward the terrible, wrathful, and punitive father. The father is thus the prototype of both God and the Devil. Religions teach that God created man in his image. Psychoanalysis, on the other hand, teaches that the child created God out of his primitive perceptions of his father and projects his own feelings and impulses onto his ambivalently loved God. This father-God-Devil relationship is, then, the backdrop against which we can make sense of the panic and hysteria induced by *The Exorcist* and can comprehend the larger, even more frightening, current drift toward superstition and irrational fear.

Mysticism, supernaturalism, occultism, are flourishing today because many people are disillusioned by the deterioration of our moral standards, the social and economic inequities, the excessive permissiveness and punishments, the hypocrisy and the corruption of people in high places. This makes people feel disoriented, powerless, and tempts them to regress into mysticism, to gain a sense of belonging and of bliss. We see it in the emotionally sick, the dropouts, the disenfranchised, and the hard-drug users, among others.

Being possessed is not only a negative force, however; sometimes people are possessed by feeling-states that give them great power and enormous creativity. Think of how hypnosis can give a frail woman strength enough to carry three grown men. Think of Beethoven's frenzied periods of creativity. Also, do not forget that one of the most powerful sensations of being possessed is the feeling of righteous indignation, which endows one with great strength. We would attack a giant to protect a child of ours who was being mistreated. Many of us have discovered endurance we never knew we had when fighting injustice or illness.

What can we do about the perils of demonology in our time? I have only few and inadequate answers.

Above all, we must not absolve people of responsibility for their actions: If you kill or maim or steal, no matter what the psychological explanation, that is wrong and calls for punishment of some kind.

PEANUTS
IS THERE A LOT OF THROWING UP IN THIS MOVIE?
I'M NOT GOING TO PAY GOOD MONEY JUST TO WATCH SOME STUPID ACTOR THROW UP!
IF I WANT TO WATCH SOMEONE THROW UP, I CAN WATCH THE KID WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR TO US... HE HAS THE FLU!
4-29

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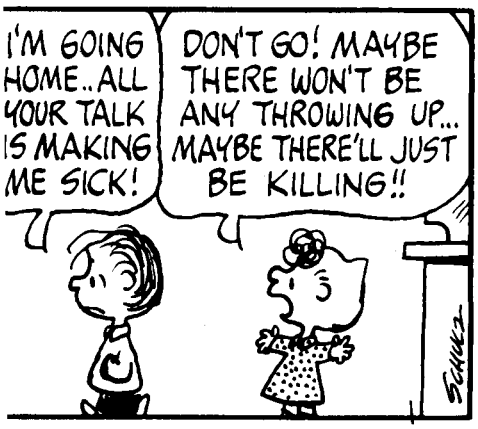
We can blame Watergate, Vietnam, and the atom bomb for our moral shortcomings, but these external considerations, as horrendous as they may be, are no excuse for our own self-centeredness, greed, and immorality.

If there are devils outside us, they cannot be used to explain away our wrongdoings. We must come to realize that the fault is with our own *inner* devils: our passion for money and possessions, our frantic search for easy solutions, instant bliss, or oblivion, which pass for peace of mind. Add to this list our general apathy, which we disguise by giving out tokens of charity and kindness so long as they don't make us uncomfortable. These are some of the personal sources of our inner unease and discontent.

What all this means in practical terms is that we must set limits to permissiveness and to "social" explanations of personal misconduct. Further, we must all assume some responsibility for the horrors of our world today, from Bangladesh, Vietnam, Watergate, to the famine in India. We have to accept the fact that we are all part of the brotherhood of man, whether we like it or not. We can and must do more to help our fellow man. Otherwise, we will become not just a sick society, but worse—a morally corrupt one.

It is against this background that *The Exorcist* is a menace to the mental health of our community. It should be X-rated. (I have seen parents taking four- and five-year-old children to showings of the picture!) In these unstable times, when the President of the United States shows more concern for Lt. Calley than for the students murdered at Kent State, when we have peace with dishonor in Vietnam, and also Watergate, *The Exorcist* pours acid on our already corroded values and ideals. In the days when we all had more trust in our government, our friends, and ourselves, *The Exorcist* would have been a bad joke. Today it is a danger. □


I'M GOING HOME..ALL YOUR TALK IS MAKING ME SICK!
DON'T GO! MAYBE THERE WON'T BE ANY THROWING UP... MAYBE THERE'LL JUST BE KILLING!!
Schulz

Film

In Answer to Dr. Greenson

by Hollis Alpert

The Exorcist, now in the sixth month of its phenomenal run, has been viewed by some fifteen million Americans, and will probably play for some fifteen million more before it heads for television (edited, naturally) and another seventy or eighty million viewers. Dr. Greenson's diatribe and warning comes too late. The damage, if it is that, has been done and will go on. Early in the run there were, indeed, reports of fainting and vomiting in theaters, along with some hysterical reactions that came to the attention of priests and psychiatrists, who were quick to inform the media of cases of so-called demonic possession. Curiously, though, the above reactions became rarer the more the popularity of the film widened.

Dr. Greenson perhaps came late to the movie, for he mentions that the audience he saw it with giggled, talked, even yelled during the performance. This has, of course, happened with a good many films besides *The Exorcist.* For instance, when I saw *The French Connection* the first time, the audience was merely quiet and appreciative. When I saw it again at a Manhattan neighborhood theater, there was a lot of yelling and encouragement to those being pursued by the cops.

There are a lot of factors that go into what the more peaceable among us may regard as excessive reactions to something fictional taking place on the screen. They might have to do with something going on in the body politic (though I doubt that anyone is responding to *The Exorcist* because of the Watergate affair, as Dr. Greenson indicates), but I'm afraid it would take a Ford Foundation grant and a team of researchers to come up with any authentic rationale. But one kind of excessive reaction is certainly that of Dr. Greenson, who built a couple of hysterical cases into a national attack of the jitters.

I have a few respected psychiatrists and psychoanalysts among my acquaintances, and, checking with them, I found none who reported any of his patients disturbed by *The Exorcist.* One did mention a patient who saw the movie and became nauseated. Warner Bros., the firm responsible for the film, has a policy of honesty with the media about the effects of the film on audiences. Yes, there were some cases of nausea in theaters during the first several weeks of the film's run. In fact, one Warners publicist reported to me with glee that during the film's first Hollywood preview, no fewer than three ladies fainted. That kind of thing, this publicist well knew, means big box office. But no one at Warners knows of any survey showing the extent of vomiting and fainting claimed by Dr. Greenson.

The theaters first chosen to show the film were what are known as prestige houses, and they attracted a relatively polite patronage. Then the film caught on with young people. It moved into areas where the patrons were working-class people and ghetto residents. With this audience-composition change, with the larger cross-section of film-goers (many of whom rarely attend films), audience reactions tended to be less polite. The owner of the Paris Theater, a nice little movie house next to the posh Plaza Hotel, was glad to see the long lines for *The Exorcist* constantly extending around the block, but he wasn't too happy about what was happening inside. "They're making a mess of the theater," he complained. But when he plays a sensitive foreign film, the lines are much shorter, the theater is less strewn with candy wrappers and cigarette butts, and there is less damage to the seats.

THE THING IS, *The Exorcist* became a sensation and a fad. A few of the more suggestible heard about the fainting and the vomiting (much played up by television talk shows) and promptly fainted and vomited. Whatever the excesses of the film itself may be, they are mild stuff compared with some of the horror-and-violence flicks that are current fare in thousands of our movie houses. Then, too, millions had already read *The Exorcist* in its hardcover and paperback versions; they were well prepared for what takes place on the screen. Not much danger to them, for they got what they had already expected.

But Dr. Greenson does make the charge that the film is pornographic. Apparently, he did not do some simple research, such as looking up the meaning of *pornography* in the dictionary. Few of the censorial-minded do, I've found. My dictionary defines *pornography* as follows: "(1) originally, a description of prostitutes and their trade: hence, (2) writing,

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pictures, etc., intended to arouse sexual desire." I saw no prostitutes in the film, and I know of no one whose sexual desires were aroused by it. Sorry, but it doesn't qualify as pornography.

However, if you do watch carefully, you might be able to infer that poor little Regan is going in for some bloody masturbation with a crucifix. The same scene was in the book, so book readers knew what was happening, and, as has already been mentioned, millions of others already knew in advance of seeing the picture. The film, by the way, was made with the advice, counsel, and cooperation of some members of the Jesuit priesthood, and little objection to the scene has come from that quarter. The Catholic Film Office rated the picture "A-4," which means suitable for adults with reservations. They didn't specify the reservations, and that rating probably also helps account for the lack of an "X" for the picture. If the Catholics, who are inclined to disfavor films with erotic implications, saw no eroticism in the film, then there couldn't have been very much of it. But why blood on the crucifix? Well, William Friedkin, the director, a stickler for detail, realized Regan had to be a virgin. Ergo, the blood. Maybe he should have fudged it. Dr. Greenson mentions "other sexual perversities." I guess he means when Regan. . . . But that particular implication slid right by a number of viewers I questioned.

But where Dr. Greenson goes utterly wrong is when he takes the film to be a story about a girl who develops bizarre *symptoms*, an *illness*. Not at all. It's a story about a devil, a demon, of pre-Christian origins (that prologue in Iraq was not there for local color) who uses a lovely child for his malevolent work. It's not about a *neurotic* or a *psychotic* child. She's not a suitable case for treatment! That's the whole point, and it was utterly lost on Dr. Greenson.

Like it or not, the film was devilishly well done. True, no one consulted Dr. Freud. But a good many specialists *were* consulted, with the aim of making the fantastic story as believable, as involving to audiences, as possible. In that, the filmmakers quite obviously succeeded. They made a shocker. But no one is being handcuffed and led into a theater to see it. *Caveat emptor*. I have some friends, a few cases here and there, who I feel were harmed, not helped, by psychiatric treatment. But should I therefore go crying, for all to hear, that psychiatrists are dangerous? □

Theater

On Broadway and on Campus

by Henry Hewes

This has been a maddening season for selectors of a "best" new American play, because, as it turns out, three of the most memorable efforts are hardly plays at all. Robert Wilson's *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin* is a twelve-hour, slow-motion theaterthon of mysterious beauty and non-sequential imaginings in which there is no character development or plot. *The Sea Horse*, by James Irwin (a pen name for Edward J. Moore), is a study of two characters who squabble, get together, and squabble again. And *Clarence Darrow*, by David W. Rintels (based on Irving Stone's *Clarence Darrow for the Defense*), is a monologue.

The most dramatically effective of the three is *Clarence Darrow*. It is a patient exploration of the inner life of a hard-working but self-effacing man who gloried little in personal success and who repeatedly found himself reluctantly compelled to undertake the defense of some new underdog.

The play is also, of course, a history lesson, as it follows the vicissitudes of labor and of civil rights from 1886 to 1938. At a time when a New York City subway porter gets $13,000 a year for 240 eight-hour days of work, it is shocking to hear Darrow pleading with Pennsylvania mine owners to improve the lot of men who worked, without workmen's compensation for accidents or pensions, twelve hours a day 365 days a year for $480.

Darrow's thoughts about the law are interesting and still applicable today. Early in the play he complains that "it is a bum profession as generally practiced, almost poverty-stricken as to any real ideals." And later he concludes that while the whole material world has been made over, the law and its administration have stood frozen and adamant.

Darrow doesn't have much respect for attorneys general, particularly the one who prosecuted him when he found himself charged with bribing jurors. Although he won an acquittal, his defense cost him his last dollar. What is worse is that the charge hung on after the acquittal, for, as he tells us with some bitterness, not one of all the clients he'd represented before his own trial ever asked Darrow to represent him again.

But although his vicissitudes have made him pessimistic, he has had a few heartening experiences along the way. For instance, Illinois Governor John Peter Altgeld knowingly sacrificed his political future by pardoning three Socialist writers convicted to long terms because their writings may have incited someone else to throw a bomb. A man of modest means, whom Darrow didn't know, sent him a thousand dollars when he heard of the costliness of Darrow's own defense. And he learned from many seemingly hopeless trials that "if there is only one man to state the case for freedom, maybe that's all it takes."

The role of Darrow suits Henry Fonda, and under John Houseman's shrewd direction, the actor makes a minimal attempt at characterization. Instead, he does something much better. Fonda roams through Darrow's experiences and statements, delighting us and himself by finding points of sympathy with the lawyer. When he comes to a juicy description of an establishment scoundrel, he turns the line into a measured indictment, rather than supercharged rhetoric. He can be wryly funny when he observes, "Rumors about philandering don't do you nearly as much harm as the people who spread them would like to believe." His final words quoted from Omar Khayyám, "Erase my name or write it as you will, so I be written in the Book of Love," seem in Fonda's delivery to refer to romantic love more than they do to any good fellowship Darrow may have felt for others. Indeed, his entire performance suggests that Darrow took only nominal satisfaction from his great career. But it also suggests that Darrow-Fonda has found an honest way to deal with the world's dishonesty.

When Arthur Miller wrote *The Creation of the World and Other Business* during the 1972–73 season, it was produced with all the production elements one expected on Broadway. It failed for a number of reasons. One was that its comedy too often gave way to theological gravity, and thus Miller's comic talent, as exhibited in the first half of *The Price*, was insufficiently exploited.

Now the work is having a second life as a dramatic oratorio, retitled *Up From Paradise*. Miller has considerably abridged and revised the text, and talented composer Stanley Silverman has

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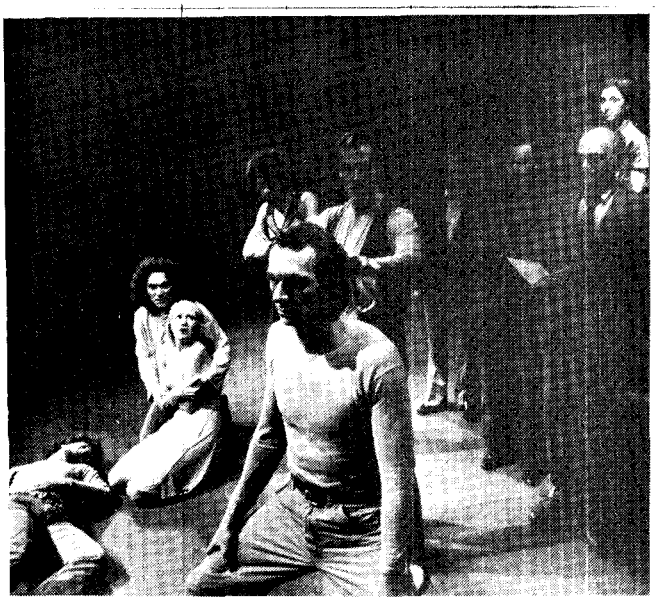

Arthur Miller (far right) narrates Up From Paradise *at his oratorio's University of Michigan premiere.*

written a number of songs to enhance the proceedings. Miller has unequivocally stated that *Up From Paradise* is not for Broadway but will instead tour colleges, after it finishes its tryout at the University of Michigan.

As seen at Ann Arbor, while new songs were still being written, *Up From Paradise* is a definite improvement. For one thing, it is simpler. A six-piece orchestra plays onstage, while the casually dressed actors perform in front of it on the Power Center's thrust-apron stage. Miller himself sits at a lectern on one side of the stage and narrates the action. The delight of the new show is that for the first third of the way it enjoys itself in a carefree manner not unlike Al Carmines's annual *Christmas Rappings*. The performers are singers more than actors, and they are all young.

Allan Nichols and Beverly Farr seem naturally innocent as Adam and Eve, and although we are told that God preferred man—because of all his creatures, man is the only one who can choose—the pair are obviously unaware of their special capacity. The show's most inspired moment comes when the actors sing a Hallelujah song in many different ways, and then do it to the tune of "Tiger Rag" as an encore. A new and welcome element is the casting of Lucifer as a hip dude, and Larry Marshall contributes a wonderfully saucy disdain for God's authority.

THIS NEW APPROACH is so successful that one wonders why in creation the playwright pulls back from continuing in this fruitful vein. Miller's thesis, that if God and Lucifer were regarded by man as allies who loved each other, the world's wars and catastrophes would have been prevented, remains fuzzy and unproved. And God's testing Cain's love of Him at the cost of Abel's death is not very convincing either. What does work in this new version is a sequence in which Cain "makes it with his mother," as well as Adam's eventual discovery that if man does all the choosing, "What do we need God for?" This is the play's essential irony. God created man, who could choose, and man didn't choose Him. Miller ends his oratorio on a positive note as the humans sing, "We must choose to love or we'll all be dead and never see the Garden again." Here, too, one wonders if it might not suit the play's comic irony for the mortals to exult in the puzzle of creating a paradise better than God's.

Silverman's music, which ranges from Mozartian opera to parody of old-fashioned musical comedy, is first-rate. Miller's narration (which will be put on tape for the tour) serves to move the story along unobtrusively. Even though the simple, projected backgrounds of galaxies and abstractions lose some effectiveness because they are seen in a rectangular frame, they are appropriate in intent and presumably will be improved when *Up From Paradise* is done in more intimate theaters, where the images will fill the whole stage or be masked by foreground scenic elements.

Whatever the lacks of *Up From Paradise,* the audiences in Ann Arbor appear to be appreciative and satisfied. Certainly the onstage presence of one of America's best playwrights, and one of the University of Michigan's most famous alumni, has something to do with it. But as Miller states in a program note, it is also true that universities "contain an audience that is seeking rather than jaded." Furthermore, he rightly points out that many university theaters have more sophisticated equipment than Broadway's, capable of realizing more imaginative forms of theater. And most important of all is the climate offered him by Richard D. Meyer, director of the university's theater programs: to do as he pleased without having to worry about being a hit, as he would on Broadway. As Miller remarks, "Frightened birds don't sing."

ANOTHER UNIVERSITY, the University of Tennessee, is also exploring the possibility of helping established playwrights with professional productions of their work. In this case, Prof. Ralph Allen, chairman of the Department of Speech and Theater, has engineered a collaboration between Kennedy Center productions and the university, in the staging of Henry Denker's *The Headhunters*, a play about a character like Solzhenitsyn, starring Anthony Quayle. The production has received a sizable guarantee to play a tryout week in the university's Clarence Brown Theater, and three union experts were flown in from Washington, D.C., to supervise the building of scenery. Although the drama is heavy going, Knoxville audiences were eager and attentive. *Up From Paradise* and *The Headhunters* may constitute significant advances in a too long inhibited collaboration of university theaters and top professional playwrights, performers, and producers. □

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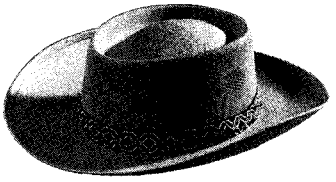

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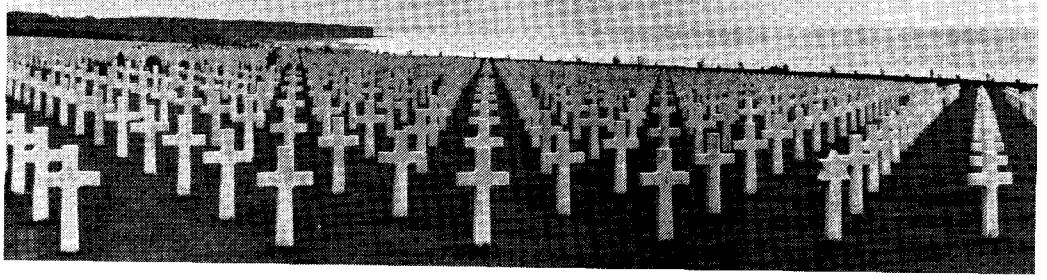
A la Recherche of an Old War



Americans in Normandy—In far-off Oyster Bay, pictures of Quentin and Teddy.

by Horace Sutton

Taking sentimental journeys is a dangerous game played by lovers, dreamers, and romantics. The maudlin pain aside, the hazard is that the years between the first encounter and the reprise collapse upon revisit, like a Chinese lantern, leaving nothing but the two ends.

All those perils hustled through my mind the other spring evening in Paris as I carried my bag—porters have disappeared from French railroad stations, too—through the Gare St. Lazare to board the Turbotrain that would take me back to Normandy.

Thirty years ago, or so the calendar insists, I had landed, however unheroically, in the port of Cherbourg. That venerable haven, before the war the traditional harbor of great transatlantic liners, had been relieved of Germans by the time my troop transport stood alongside the docks, and had just been opened for Allied convoys. The June 6 disembarkment on the beaches was twelve weeks into history. Saint-Lô had been demolished and taken, Patton had broken out of Avranches, and the Allied line, which we would soon join, was pressing toward the Siegfried line itself.

Despite our tardiness, the sight of Weymouth harbor, where we had anchored the night before, and our landing on French soil, even without hostile fire, was an immense adventure. I have lodged the details of it in the archives of my lobes, where they have lain in storage for decades, and I was eager to walk in the Norman fields, to promenade along the dusty streets of Cherbourg where some picaroon stole the Jeep from my driver, who had left it unattended while he sauntered down the streets to gape at France.

Girded with maps and memories, I was in my seat when the train pulled out of St. Lazare precisely on the stroke of six. The seats were narrow, tempering my delusions of the grandeur of the French railroad system, and there was no restaurant car. For divertissement there were only the *Herald-Tribune* and the view of a nameless seat companion across the aisle who, in some travesty of the covenants of male fashion, was dressed precisely as I: in gray flannels and blue blazer with brass buttons. His copy of *Le Monde* held his interest for a while, but his forefinger was soon invading his nose, and since the man on the opposite side of the aisle was similarly occupied, I began to wonder if this was a national preoccupation among railroading males.

No matter, we were soon out of the farthest limits of Paris, and as we sliced toward the peninsula that the French call the Manche, the Norman fields lay bright and green, a table of grass delicacies for the fat, mottled cattle whose lactic beneficence would ultimately produce the splendid cream sauces, the Pont-l'Évêque and Livarot, and the butter of Normandy. We were in the full flower of the *floréal,* those voluptuous spring weeks defined in the French *républicain* calendar, and a blizzard of apple blossoms nested in the trees, soon to become Norman cider and Calvados.

Here and there the half-timbered houses took the copper glint of the fading sun that hung like a great orange ball, clearly visible through the scrim of a haze left there by factory effluent.

Lisieux was the first magic name to glow from a *gare* by the light of eventide. Then Caen, which was a mass of piled brick when last I saw it. And Bayeux, which fell to the invaders complete and unscratched on June 7, the first prize of the invasion. It had known wars well.

Now we were up the Manche, the Cotentin Peninsula, with the sea on all sides. The tracks come to an end at Cherbourg, where the breakwater begun in 1776—Louis XVI is said to have watched the work—was ultimately to create the port nearly one hundred years later. The first ship of the Hamburg-America Line was to drop anchor in April of 1869.

I put my bags in the minibus sent down by the Sofitel, which proved to be a modern little inn perched on the very edge of the quai built for ships of the famed Cunard White Star and the Hamburg-America lines to disembark their France-bound passengers. There was a television set and a refrigerator filled with drinks, and a basket of fruit from the manager, Werner Seiss. *Werner Seiss*? A German managing the leading hotel in this strategic port that his countrymen had fought so bitterly to keep? I went down to dinner and met him. Young, bright, alert, and a *Münchener*. He had already been there for four years. The anomaly didn't faze him as much as it perplexed me, and he gave me a commemorative magazine put out by an American veterans' association on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Normandy landings five years earlier.

The canned music in the dining room was playing "This Year's Crop of Kisses." It was even music for another time. I went to bed, thinking of my compatriots at Cherbourg thirty years ago: Alex Hounie, the cherubic Frenchman who had migrated to America in the years before the war and whose restaurant, Châteaubriand, was the New York success of its time; Joseph Valentine O'Toole, the brawny cop from the New York police force; David Reisner, the Ivy League intellectual who would go home to become a doctor.

It was Hounie, the sergeant, who had driven my Jeep and who had been so fascinated by the first look of his homeland that he had walked off down the street, leaving it for some thief, American or French, to swipe. It was a heist that was to haunt me through the war and into the peace, for at a reunion in Philadelphia, years later, the quondam commanding general pumped my hand in great pleasure but couldn't resist the dart.

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"Hello, Sutton," he said affably. "How's your Jeep?"

I hustled off into the morning of this commemorative springtime. Cherbourg lay cool and bright and busy. Fishing boats were already skimming the flat, glassy waters alongside the breakwater where the hotel stands. In the summer there would be sailboats and yachts over from England. The great covered terminal stood massive and imposing, if a bit dour. Here, this summer, the *QE II* would debark its passengers bound for the boat train to Paris.

The twice-a-week market in the Place du Théâtre was in full flower, and the tables were piled with huge, fat leeks, white asparagus, bouquets of those white-tipped red radishes that are so much a part of the French table. The offerings in the fish market were a fascination: tiny, hairy *crevettes;* huge, smooth-back crabs called *dormeurs* (because they seem always asleep), and prickly ones called *araignées* (because to some they seem to resemble spiders). There were mussels to be eaten raw or with cream in the Norman style, the clam called *Bernard-l'ermite*, and the small, sweet oysters from St.-Vaast-la-Hougue, toward which I would head the car later in the morning.

I looked hard for that old hotel I had known, which then housed the headquarters to which I had to report. Perhaps it was the empty building, once a hotel, on the rue Gambetta, across from the courthouse and a block from the market. One could only guess. I took the car up to the heights above the city to the citadel on the Montagne du Roule, which had been built by Napoleon. Now the great stone walls enclose a museum of the disembarkment and of the liberation, one of a string stretched all along the Norman coast, at Arromanches, at Utah Beach, and at Ste.-Mère-Eglise, where the paratroops came down like confetti the night before the landings.

So difficult a redoubt to pry loose from the Germans, the hilltop citadel now holds the usual relics of war—a mimeographed map used by Gen. John Devine, the artillery commander of the Ninetieth Infantry Division, part of the Seventh Corps, which landed on Utah the morning of June 6; a piece of PLUTO (an acronym for Pipeline Under the Ocean), which brought oil to the Allied forces from the Isle of Wight; a bottle of Moët et Chandon marked for the German Forces commissary, which had been found in General von Schlieben's quarters. But more than the other disembarkment museums, the one at Cherbourg, with its propaganda hall displaying posters employed by the Germans during their occupation, impart a reason for the war beyond the heroics of the masterpiece that was the breaching of Fortress Europa.

Teenagers were laughing and giggling on the hillside as we rolled back into town, and my driver, Dominique Darras, not yet born when all this happened, assured me that few young Cherbourgeois ever visit the museum or display any more interest in those dramatic times than what they are obliged to read in history class.

JUST FOR AULD LANG SYNE, we headed the car eastward out of town, past the airport that didn't exist in our time, to the tiny hamlet of Théville. There in an old schoolhouse, the generals and colonels and the headquarters staff of the 102nd Infantry Division set up its command post. I found the old schoolhouse, but the children had been diverted elsewhere ten years ago. Half of the old stone building is now the *mairie,* and a partition separates it from a private apartment of a family too young to have been on the planet when we sat in this shelter and formulated the plans of war.

Twenty thousand troops were spread out in those green fields cut into squares by the *bocages* of Normandy, the hedgerows that had made the breakout so difficult. A pair of Percherons, those muscular dray horses descended from Arab stock, perhaps during the Crusades, were engaged in idle chatter in those meadows in whose September mud we had wallowed. Somewhere out there, in some other time, the mess sergeants had set up garbage cans filled with water, in which they warmed C-rations three times a day. When your turn came in line, the shovel dipped into the ash can and came

Wide World

Cherbourg in 1944 (above) and now—Clams called Bernard the hermit, sailboats in summer, teenagers who don't care about old wars, and dusty memories of long ago.

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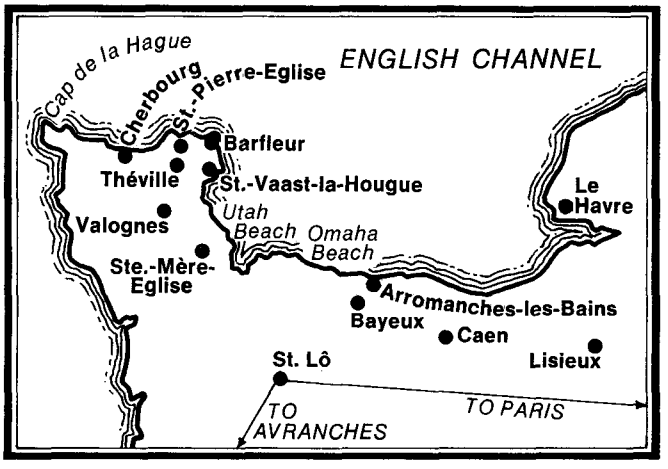
up with a hot tin—frankfurters and beans, stew and potatoes; one never knew which or had a choice. I finally dispatched Hounie, the French restaurateur, and O'Toole, the muscle, to find better fare. They returned with a brace of chickens, which Hounie prepared over an open fire. A young Norman lad appeared with a bottle of Calvados. It was raw but Reisner bought it, and in that scene in the late summer night of thirty years ago, we wondered where we would all be when it was over, or indeed if we would be at all.

I had Dominique head the car eastward to Barfleur, the little fishing port that seemed, when I first saw it so long ago, the very essence of a romantic foreign seaport, summoning visions of Conrad or perhaps Melville. I have seen other ports since then, and while I treasure the memory of that first flush, it gathered barnacles of overrated romance over the years. The German blockhouses of Fortress Europa were still standing, some of them amid fields of cauliflower already being harvested. The traveler coming now could put up



Bob Pelletier

(or *descend*, as the French put it) at the Hotel Phare, which has four rooms with private baths rentable at $11 a night. A dinner from the sea would be more expensive—about $6.50 before the wine and the tips and the taxes.

Now we headed our expedition south to St.-Vaast-la-Hougue. I hadn't been there in '44, but the name intrigued me, and so did its oysters. We stopped by the harbor and ordered a dozen and a half and a *pichet* of white, and Dominique told me that he could eat uncountable numbers, especially since the St.-Vaast oysters, so delicate and sweet, were so small. On his honeymoon—I'm not sure he said it intending any innuendo—he had eaten three dozen oysters at one sitting and then topped that off with two dozen raw mussels for dessert.

Mme. Brix was enchanted to show me through her Hotel de France et Fuchsias, where about fourteen dollars would buy a pleasant room and bath; about eight dollars would pay for a *"menu gastronomique,"* but one could get by nicely on the *"menu touristique"*—oysters, mussels, scallops, and cider—for less than six dollars. Visitors who come, English especially (although Mme. Brix was beside herself with a letter from the Canadian ambassador requesting rooms), take excursions along the harbor with its low houses, past the colorful fishing boats, one of which goes out to sea bearing the name "John Kennedy."

La Hougue has its own drama for the English, for it was here that Irish Catholic troops were quartered while preparing to restore the Catholic Stuart king, James I, to the throne of England. Admiral de Tourville, with a French fleet, was to screen the operation, but his force was intercepted by a combined English and Dutch naval force. De Tourville decided to ride the current to refuge in Saint-Malo at the edge of Brittany, but he ran into difficulties and beached his ships at La Hougue. The Irish troops deigned not to defend the ships, to which the British, much obliged, set fire. James's hopes for restoration went up in their smoke.

But that was many wars ago. Dominique and I drove the short distance to Valognes, once called the Norman Versailles, where Reisner and I had driven three decades before. Only the shell of the cathedral stood then, the shards of a market town that social Normans of the eighteenth century had turned into an ornate center of granite extravagance. Not a stone block is out of place now, for the entire village has been reconstructed, all of it in the original style—two stories high, white shutters, and ivied walls. Looking carefully, one can see the seams of repair in the old church, but the restoration is formidable, and only the historical accounts of the original remain.

Dominique and I drove the few kilometers down to Ste.-Mère-Eglise, engraved forever by the brilliant description of the American paratroop landings there that Cornelius Ryan wrote in *The Longest Day* (later a Darryl Zanuck extravaganza). There sat the church, not quite so large as I had imagined, and the steeple where John Steele was snagged for three hours, his parachute cords caught in the belfry. Oddly, he escaped that vulnerable position, but died on the 16th of May 1969.

THE MINUTIAE OF MEMORIES are stored in an imaginative museum whose roof is shaped like a blossoming parachute. The glory is all there, and the daring techniques of battle, but so, too, are the awful statistics—3956 officers and men fell in the liberation of this tiny town that would provide the exit for the landing forces coming ashore at Utah Beach. Other generations who stop at this tiny crossroads and enter the church will look up at the strangest stained-glass window in France. On either side of the Madonna and Christ child are paratroops floating downward out of the glassy blue heavens.

I rode down to Utah, along the dunes still studded with blockhouses, past the stone memorial to the Ninetieth Division, and the monument of the First Engineer Brigade, which had come ashore here at 6:30 on D-Day morning to clear a path through the mines and traps. I went to see the film in the disembarkment museum and gazed for a time at the picture of Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt, Teddy's son, who came ashore here at the age of fifty-seven with the first assault wave and died of a worn-out heart a short time later. He lies in the American cemetery at St.-Laurent-sur-Mer alongside his brother Quentin, whose plane fell in World War I. In far-off Oyster Bay, Long Island, where the big roomy Roosevelt house still stands, there are sunny pictures of Quentin and Teddy in the flower of a greening childhood long ago. I surveyed, too, the souvenirs of Rear Adm. Don Pardee Moon, commander of the VIII American Fleet, descended from William Moion, who sailed with William the Conqueror and fought at Hastings. And then I climbed up on the dunes and looked far out to sea where the *Nevada*, the *Tuscaloosa*, the *Fitch*, and the *Augusta* had sent shells arching ashore in support of the American invaders. The Norman breezes whipped at the tufts of grass at my feet, and I thought long about wars and men and time. □

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Music

The Name Is Aribert Reimann

by Irving Kolodin

Rare is hardly an adequate word to describe a composer whose name first becomes known in New York with a pair of premieres, one better than the other, on successive evenings. Such is the case with Aribert Reimann, of Berlin, whose Concerto for Piano and Nineteen Players in a concert directed by Richard Dufallo in The Juilliard School's Twentieth Century Music Series was followed the next night by his Zyklus ("Cycle") for Baritone and Orchestra on a program of the New York Philharmonic conducted by Pierre Boulez.

The impression might follow that Reimann is a hothouse product of the new post-war German culture. He was born, however, in 1936 and has come to his present prominence at a measured tread. His *Melusine*, on a text by Claus H. Henneberg, was produced by the adventurous folk of Santa Fe in the summer of 1972, but the two recent spring evenings gave him more exposure than he has had in America to this time.

The concerto profited from the brilliantly perceptive effort of Robert Black at the piano to complement Dufallo's dry-point delineation of the ensemble draftsmanship. Such graphic terms are almost mandatory in describing Reimann's musical mode, for he deals liberally in sprays of notes, sprinkles of sound, splatters of sonority surrounded by air and space. The instrumentation tends to winds and percussion, each one utilized soloistically. Unlike some others who work with such means, Reimann has a sense of delicacy and balance that mitigates the sheer noise power at his disposal. For all the absence of the conventional—or even the unconventional—melodic or harmonic rhetoric, the air is alive with imagery and color, vitality and contrast.

Such was even more pointillistically the case in Zyklus. It goes beyond the composer's description as a cycle for baritone and orchestra by being a certain kind of cycle for a certain kind of baritone. It might, indeed, be described as a cycle for a Fischer-Dieskau and orchestra. Violins are excluded from the instrumental ensemble, which is, again, used soloistically, in a manner pioneered by Arnold Schönberg. Fortunately, the most important instrument of all was not excluded from the totality, for Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau was present to perform Reimann's elaboration of Paul Celan's text in his inimitable way.

The words have no literal meaning, serving largely as syllabication to augment the tonal resources of flute and bass clarinet, tuba, kettledrums, five tom-toms, three tam-tams, eight violas, and so forth. The net effect was to add one more wind instrument to the orchestra, this one six-feet, four-inches tall, with a capacity for inflection, for coloration, and for unfaltering control of the most difficult intervals.

A linkage of words without meaning to sound without melody may suggest to some a contradiction in terms. However, there is plenty of precedent, from Schütz to Schönberg, for what Reimann has simply done at greater length. At one point, in mid-cycle, the relationship of what Fischer-Dieskau was articulating to the instrumental clamor around him recalled that he is, among many other things, a leading proponent of Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, a score Reimann manifestly knows very well. Zyklus came out as a sound experience with unique dimensions of light and shade, color and contrast. It is clearly the product of a musical mind capable of adding much to contemporary experience.

But what happens if the world's greatest male singer is not available or his career has run its course? The answer is simple: Grow another one, perhaps not as tall, but no less versatile. When Louis Krasner first performed Berg's violin concerto, even those who grasped its power considered it to be written for "one of a kind." A couple of decades later, almost every violinist worthy of the name can perform it as well as Krasner did, some better. If a work really rewards the effort of mastering it, challenges stimulate their own response. For the moment, *Ave!* Reimann, *Salute!* Messrs. Black, Dufallo, Boulez, and Fischer-Dieskau.

During the same time Fischer-Dieskau defended his right to the accolade of "greatest male . . ." both typically and atypically. In three Carnegie Hall recitals, he gave typically fervent, sensitive, and disciplined service to programs of German lieder by Schubert, Wolf, and others. In Alice Tully Hall he was an equally excellent intermediary, atypically and in English, for a batch of songs by Samuel Barber, three of them new.

Reimann—"Vitality and contrast."

As prelude to the new songs, Fischer-Dieskau offered two older ones, long esteemed as among Barber's best: "Nocturne" (Opus 13, No. 4) and "I Hear an Army" (Opus 10, No. 3). These provided a reminder of the composer's highest-quality standard and set a level to which the composer's newest works could reasonably be expected to conform. The expectation was not deflated. As on some prior occasions, Barber has elected to set poems by Europeans, which have been beautifully translated into English. The result is to enrich the literature with a prayerful "Now Have I Fed and Eaten Up the Rose," in James Joyce's translation of Gottfried Keller; a delightfully fanciful "A Green Lowland of Pianos," originally in Polish, by Jerzy Harasymowicz, translated by Czeslaw Milosz; and a warmly poetical "O Boundless, Boundless Evening," by Christopher Middleton, from the German of George Heym.

Not only is the mating of musical mood to verbal values beautifully appropriate, but the realization of purpose is formulated by Barber with musical craftsmanship of the highest order. It was to be expected that Fischer-Dieskau would make a lovable experience of every note. But some unacquainted with other examples of his versatility might have been astonished by the fluency, precision, and clarity of his English enunciation. The consequence was an experience on which the audience hung breathlessly till the last sound of each piano postlude, artfully executed by Charles Wadsworth, died away. A possible exception could be the middle flippancy about the "herds of black pianos" that "lie down like cows . . . during the artistic milking," but only because the audience began to murmur with amusement midway. □

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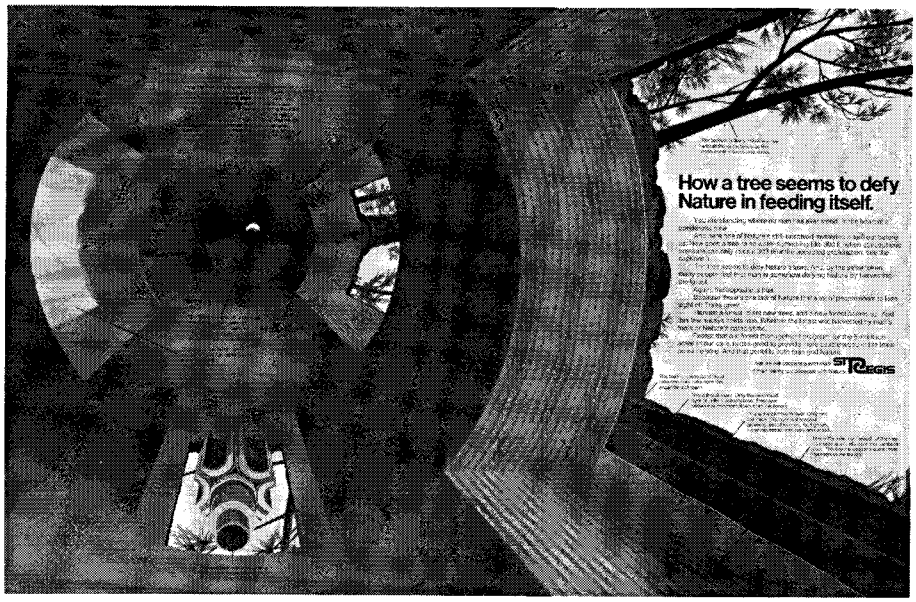

A Sense of Advocacy in Advertising

Saturday Review/World's Twentieth Advertising Awards competition proved once again that ours is as much an age of advocacy advertising as it is of advocacy journalism. The competition covered two areas: public relations (corporate image) and public interest (non-image).

The St. Regis Paper Company won in the public-relations category with a series of educational print ads prepared by Cunningham & Walsh of Manhattan on the way trees grow, what happens to them as they are turned into paper products, and what the company is doing to replace the wood pulp it uses. The ads, represented in this contest by one entitled "How a tree seems to defy nature in feeding itself," go into enormous detail on the way trees grow, what they look like inside, how nature (and man) help keep the supply adequate, and what St. Regis is doing to ensure a continuous supply of paper products.

As for advertising strictly in "the public interest" (that is, not involved directly in explaining or selling a corporate image), the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association won a unanimous vote of seven judges for a series on health hints—the winning ad's concern with high blood pressure and hypertension may have made it popular with the judges. Other ads in the series involved venereal disease, diabetes, allergies, and the general value of pharmacists and their expensive research. The series is the work of Vansant Dugdale of Baltimore.

The competition was sharp, many company ads reflecting the energy crisis that mushroomed in 1973—the year during which eligible magazine ads had to appear. Texaco, for example, took a full-page magazine ad to introduce the reader to "a fantastic new mileage ingredient . . . You." Hints on how to save gas and how to drive more carefully made up the entire ad copy. U. S. Steel ran a series of interviews with famous giants of industry on the way business can be more productive in an era of shortages and inflation. Bethlehem Steel's public-relations series went all the way from helping minority businessmen to conceiving ideas for plugging tax loopholes. General Electric promoted the "public interest" in effective ads on poor areas and their inhabitants and what U. S. industry should be doing, and is already doing, to help them.

1974 Award Winners

St. Regis Paper Company	Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Special Mention

Company	Agency
Bethlehem Steel	Van Brunt
General Electric	Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn
General Motors	N. W. Ayer & Son
ITT	Needham, Harper & Steers
Licensed Beverage Industry	Marsteller
Texaco	Benton & Bowles
Travelers Insurance	Carl Ally
U. S. Steel	Compton

In the strictly non-image area, the Licensed Beverage Industry ran a series that began with the headline "If you can't stop drinking don't start driving" and devoted their whole campaign to the idea of alcoholic moderation. Travelers Insurance talked about safety in containers and what lack of it might mean to a small child. ITT attacked minority problems in a long series of double-truck ads mainly about equal opportunity. General Motors's theme was "World peace and human progress are necessary to our business" in another long series chiefly involving minority opportunity.

Besides St. Regis and the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers, our top winners, all of the above-mentioned ads were awarded special mention, since they were the top vote-getters in the final round of judging.

RICHARD L. TOBIN

1974 Awards Committee

Edward Barrett, Institute Academy for Educational Development
John Caples, vice-president, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn
Fred Decker, publisher of *Anny*
Sidney J. Frigand, press secretary to Mayor Abraham Beame of New York City
Everardo Goyanes, vice-president, Chase Manhattan Bank
Louis Harris, president, Louis Harris Associates
Marion McAvoy, administrative assistant, *SR/World*

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When Does a Science Story Become a Story?

There is a phenomenon in scientific journalism that I think of as The Now! Signal—the intuitive buzz of recognition that says: Now is the time. Most science writers and editors keep track of many developments that they deem to be potentially newsworthy. Every now and then one ripens into a story. At what point does this occur? When is it that what has been happening in the laboratory or the clinic crosses that crucial threshold where it is felt to be convincing enough, important enough, or merely fascinating enough to do the story *now*? It's hard to say with any precision. The journalist is usually pictured as being over-eager to push the story hard, to try for the quick headline, while the scientist is envisioned as super-cautious and averse to publicity. One could theorize that when the journalist's eagerness and the scientist's readiness finally coincide in time, The Now! Signal will go off.

The truth, though, in most cases, is that both are equally cautious and equally eager. Each is equally ready to tell a story that deserves to be told when the time is right. But sometimes months or even years may go by before that time arrives.

Take our lead story, which begins on the next page.

At least as early as the mid-Sixties, when I was science editor of *Life*, I felt there was a story in a newly discovered hormone called thymosin. I heard of it quite by chance from Allan Goldstein, a young neighbor of mine in New Rochelle, New York, who used to go jogging at a disconcertingly early hour of the morning. I had learned only recently, through the work of Dr. Robert Good in Minnesota (see story), that the human thymus was not just a useless hunk of sweetbread, an evolutionary leftover, but rather a centrally important organ in the body's defense system. My young neighbor, the jogger, turned out to be a research biochemist at the Albert Einstein Medical Center. In response to my intensive questioning, he told me he was working with a hormone or a hormone-like substance derived from the thymus—a hormone that conceivably could have a revolutionary impact on immunological medicine.

When Dr. Goldstein discovered that my unusual interest in his work was prompted by journalistic curiosity, he was more than a little dismayed. He was sorry he had told me so much in the context of what he had thought was merely one of those casual what-line-of-business-are-you-in? kinds of conversation. He hastened to point out that the research was only in its preliminary stages, that years of work would be necessary before anyone would even be sure the substance was a true hormone, that the medical potential he had spoken of was the purest futuristic speculation, that it would be a public disservice to write about it so prematurely, and so on.

It *was* premature, I agreed. I assured him that I had no intention of writing a story or of quoting (or misquoting) him, and that, in fact, I never would do such a story without his prior knowledge or without checking the details for accuracy. As we gradually became friends, he grew more relaxed and trusting, and from time to time gave me progress reports on thymosin—always with caution, always emphasizing the preliminary and inconclusive nature of the results.

Then one year he went off to the University of Texas Medical Branch (UTMB) in Galveston, where he not only became professor and director of the division of biochemistry but also was given the opportunity to accelerate his research in thymosin. Early in 1973 Allan dropped me a note to say that research results had begun to look quite promising and that he and his colleagues would be presenting papers at an April meeting in Atlantic City. (Presenting a paper is, of course, another kind of Now! Signal, and some reporters at the meeting sent out the first newspaper stories on thymosin.)

I attended the meeting, and shortly afterwards I had the opportunity to make a personal visit to the UTMB campus for a first-hand look at the thymosin project. When I spoke to Allan recently in New York—he was on hand to attend a meeting—we both felt that the thymosin story was almost ripe for the telling.

One evening, about two weeks later, he telephoned me at home. "Guess where I am?" he asked. "In a pediatrics ward in San Francisco."

"What are you doing there?"

"Well, at this instant—would you believe?—I'm sipping champagne." He went on to explain what the champagne party was all about, and The Now! Signal came through crisp and clear.

OUR SECOND article in this issue is on the rehabilitation of drug addicts in Japan. The drug problem does come under our broad science umbrella—even though, in this case, it is more in the realm of social science, or even political science, than medical science. I do have one qualm about this article. It's this: Japan's get-tough, cold-turkey policy seems to work well—for Japan. Careless readers—and there could be legislators among them—may reason: Aha, *that's* the system that works. Let's do the same here. And the article's appearance in the science section may seem to give that view some scientific validity. Hence I want to register my strong conviction that if a poll were taken among behavioral scientists who deal with the drug problem in this country, they would overwhelmingly oppose any attempt to transplant Japan's solution to our own culture—where the transplant would almost certainly not "take."

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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Science

Thymosin: Breaking the Immune Barrier

A hormone from an organ once thought useless now brightens prospects for diseases ranging all the way from birth defects to the ravages of aging.

by Albert Rosenfeld

True, the flow of champagne may have been premature in the pediatrics ward at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco. The outcome of Heather's troubles was, after all, still far from certain. But the exuberance was understandable. Where there had been no hope, suddenly there was hope—in the form of a hormone called thymosin.

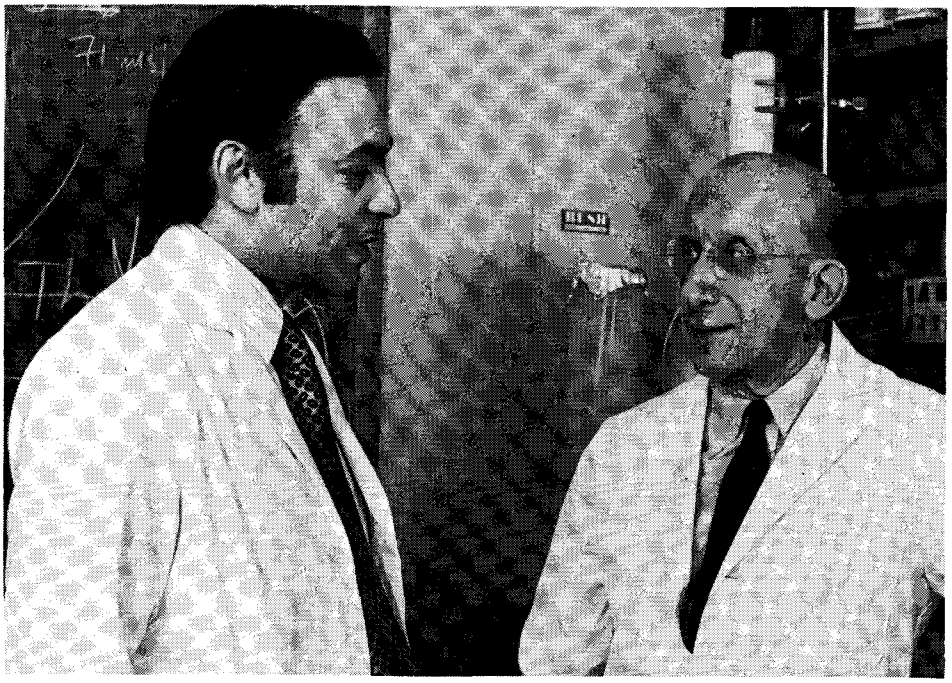
Heather, born with a deficient immune system, had suffered countless debilitating infections and hospitalizations throughout her five years of life. Now, her weight down to twenty-six pounds, she was back in the hospital, suffering from bloody diarrhea and failing rapidly. A drastic remedy was called for.

The doctors had two alternatives. One was to try a thymus transplant, with a high risk of fatal reaction. The other was to try thymosin—as yet untried on human patients, though tested assiduously on animals, and on human cells in tissue culture. Thymosin was not a drug that would itself combat infection. It was rather a hormone that theoretically should stimulate the child's own capacity to fight infection.

Heather had now been given her first few injections of thymosin. The first blood assay had just been taken, and the demonstrated increase in her immune-cell count (the highest in her short lifetime) was so dramatic that scientific caution had been momentarily put aside and the champagne corks popped. In retrospect, if this first human trial of thymosin should turn out to be a success, the champagne will have been appropriate after all, for this would be a truly historic moment. If not, that historic moment seemed destined to occur soon, with or without champagne.

Among those enjoying the celebration was Dr. Allan L. Goldstein, from the University of Texas Medical Branch (UTMB) at Galveston. It was Goldstein who had provided the thymosin for Heather, and it was he who had been largely responsible for bringing thymosin to this stage of development.

If thymosin lives up to its long-range promise, it could be useful for treating not only a variety of infections, immunodeficiencies, allergies, and birth defects but also transplant rejection, and conceivably diseases as diverse as cancer, rheumatoid arthritis, pernicious anemia, and multiple sclerosis, not to mention the aging process itself. This heady sense of broad-spectrum promise derives from what seems to be a common factor in all these conditions—an immune-system malfunction. Thymosin, along with an anti-thymosin serum also under development by Goldstein and his associates at UTMB, Galveston, could result in quite sophisticated control of nearly all immune-system malfunctions.



Though we have a long familiarity with the phenomenon of immunity and have made practical use of its principles through a variety of medications and vaccines, it is only in the past twenty years that we have come to any real understanding of what those principles are and how the immune system works. The last decade has indeed seen an explosive proliferation of knowledge about immunology.

The key to human immunity lies in the small white blood cell called the lymphocyte. The normal adult human body contains something like a trillion lymphocytes, and about ten million of these are being replaced by new ones every minute of every day—at least until the organism begins to age. Lymphocytes appear to originate mainly in the bone marrow as immature "stem cells."

Large quantities of these, perhaps as many as half or more, mature directly into the bloodstream and are called B-lymphocytes or B-cells. The main function of B-cells is the manufacture of antibodies, proteins whose major function is to fight bacterial infections. The body's B-cells are encoded to recognize some ten thousand different potential invading substances (antigens). Once a B-cell is challenged by a foreign antigen, it starts to make antibodies that combat that specific antigen. From then on, it keeps making only that antibody and no other, and its descendants inherit the capacity to make the same antibody and to recognize the same antigen. That's one reason why immunological memory can last so long.

The rest of the lymphocytes pass through the thymus and for that reason are called T-lymphocytes or T-cells. The

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thymus, the pinkish-gray mass located just behind the breastbone and just below the neck, shrinks to insignificant size early in life. Its function had always been anybody's guess, and modern doctors tended to look upon it as another useless vestigial organ, like the appendix. But all that was changed by the ingenious research of several investigators working independently of one another—notably Dr. Robert A. Good, then at the University of Minnesota (now head of the Sloan-Kettering Institute in Manhattan); and Dr. Jacques Miller, at the Chester Beatty Research Institute in England (now at Elizer Hall Institute in Australia). Their experiments clearly established the thymus gland's importance in the body's defense system. Moreover, it soon became evident that *all* lymphoid tissue (which is where lymphocytes live when they're not circulating) plays a role in immunity—including even the tonsils, adenoids, and appendix! The spleen and lymph nodes were already known to be of special importance. But the thymus turned out to be "the master gland of immunity." A baby born without a thymus was a child essentially without immunity—though such a child, if his bone marrow was capable of making stem cells, still could have B-cells and thus manufacture antibodies.

Co-discoverers of thymosin, Dr. Allan Goldstein (left) of the University of Texas Medical Branch and Dr. Abraham White, confer in latter's lab at Syntex. Thymosin was used for the first time on Heather (above), born with faulty immunity.

A lymphocyte that passes through the thymus to become a T-cell does not make antibodies at all. It becomes, instead, a hand-to-hand combat specialist. Whereas B-cells use antibodies as their chemical weapons, T-cells act as assault troops. They attack, surround, destroy, ingest, or in one way or another inactivate the invaders. Because they do act in this direct manner, the cells themselves doing the job, the T-cell function is called "cell-mediated immunity." This is the kind of immunity that combats viral and fungal infections. It is also the kind of immunity involved in rejecting transplanted tissue and in killing cancer cells.

Many immunologists now believe that one class of lymphocytes is constantly carrying out an "immunological surveillance" of all the body's cells. As soon as a cell becomes malignant or even shows signs of pre-malignant changes, one of the T-cell scavengers moves in before it can begin multiplying. When this protective activity stops or diminishes, it may be the failure of either the surveillance system or, more probably, the T-cell-mediated immune capacity. It makes sense, then, that as thymus function declines with age, immune function also declines—and the incidence of cancer goes up.

While all this was being worked out in many laboratories around the world, a team of scientists at the National Cancer Institute conducted a critical experiment: Into a newborn mouse without a thymus, they implanted thymus tissue. But they put the tissue into a container with holes too small for a lymphocyte (or anything else of cell size) to get out. Yet *something* got through those tiny holes to stimulate the spleen and lymph nodes into making their own lymphocytes. That something almost had to be a hormone; and if that were the case, then the thymus was proven to be an endocrine gland. It was this hormone (there could be more than one hormone, of course) that Dr. Goldstein went after—and eventually delivered to Heather's doctors in San Francisco.

Before 1960 a hormone had not even been suspected. If a hormone released by the thymus could induce stem cells to mature into lymphocytes, this meant that going through the thymus itself was unnecessary. Thus, if a child were born without a thymus, or if a patient later had to lose his, possession of the hormone alone might serve as an adequate substitute. Inasmuch as all thymuses shrink with age, thymic hormones could conceivably render service to almost everyone. By 1966, Goldstein, then working at the Albert Einstein Medical College in New York in collaboration with his colleague and mentor, Dr. Abraham White, had discovered and isolated the hormone, which they named thymosin.

Though both White and Goldstein left New York, they have continued to coordinate their efforts. White went to Palo Alto, where he has been dividing his time between Syntex Research and Stanford University. Goldstein meanwhile was invited to become director of the biochemistry division at UTMB, Galveston, where he quickly recruited a superb and dedicated team of young, energetic researchers. With a high-priority effort financed in part by the government, in part by foundations, and in part by private Texas contributors, Goldstein was able to crash ahead with the development of thymosin. Members of the team worked out new immuno-assays and new ways of extracting and purifying the hormone, and they ascertained that thymosin does circulate in the human bloodstream and decreases with age and, further, that bovine thymosin is sufficiently similar to be active on human cells and could indeed turn immature stem cells into mature lymphocytes. In April 1973 Goldstein and several of his associates went to Atlantic City, New Jersey, to report their startling results at the annual meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology.

One year later—in April 1974—this time at a three-day "International Conference on Thymus Factors in Immunity" sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences, Dr. Goldstein and his team were back with even better news. Thymosin had been further purified and its safety demonstrated, and a number of new techniques had been devised for speeding the work along. And in the one year that had elapsed between the Atlantic City and New York meetings, much larger quantities of thymosin had been produced, and the Galveston team had set up collaborative studies with sixty other laboratories around the world—many of which were confirming the findings of the Goldstein group and carrying them further, and many requesting new supplies of thymosin for carrying out other experiments.

Among those reporting in New York were Dr. Arthur Ammann and Dr. Diana Wara of the University of California Medical School at San Francisco, both of whom had been testing thymosin in tissue culture on the cells of patients suffering from inherited immune disorders. They were now ready to try it on the patients themselves. Shortly after their return to San Francisco, they received clearance

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for the trials, Dr. Goldstein sent them the thymosin, and five-year-old Heather became the first beneficiary.

Thymosin is still not altogether free of impurities, of course. But it is more so than other hormones—for example, insulin—when they were first used on human patients. When it is finally purified, its structure must then be determined, and the hope is that it may then be speedily synthesized, and—if further human trials warrant—manufactured on a large scale. Thymosin could turn out to be only one of a whole family of thymic hormones. Or thymosin itself might be more complicated than researchers now suspect. At the moment, the hormone is in limited supply, and its use on human patients will be highly selective and purely experimental.

The first patients to benefit are likely to be those with genetic immune deficiencies, such as young Heather. A few of these victims—those born without the capacity to make stem cells at all—may turn out to be beyond the reach of thymosin. For these, bone-marrow transplants, always a tricky and hazardous procedure, will still be the only alternative for some time to come. But thymosin may well be able to help, even to restore to complete immunological normality, many immune-deficient patients.

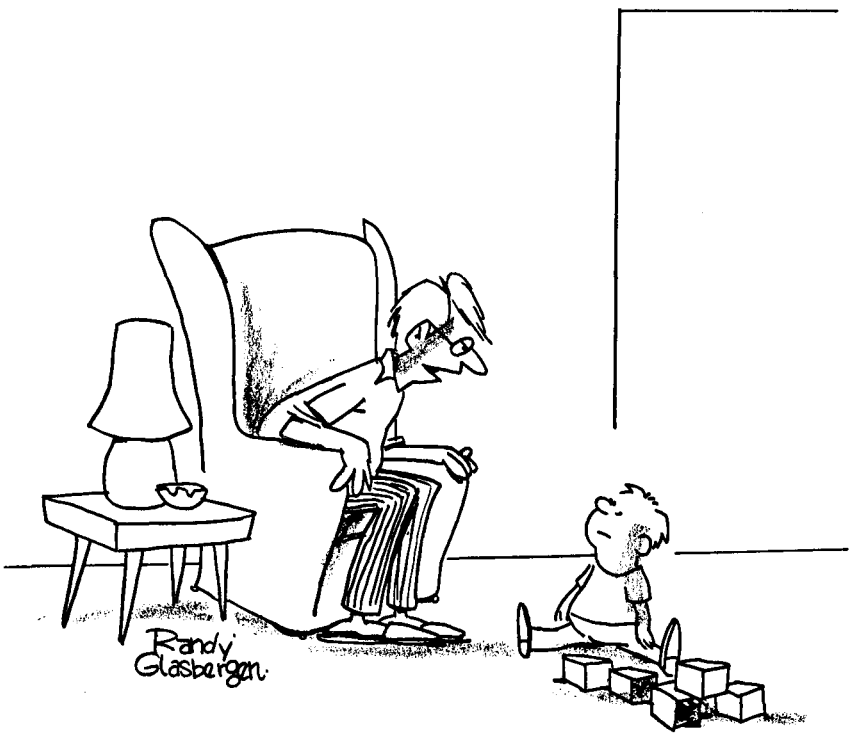
There are many other areas where thymosin, with its presumed capacity to boost the immune system, may have direct benefits. One is cancer. If the immunological-surveillance theory is indeed correct, then thymosin may well restore the body's cell-mediated ability to hold off cancer. Experiments along these lines will soon be under way at UTMB.

In the same manner, thymosin may hold off the aging process itself. The body's immunity does decrease with age, and so do the quantities of thymosin circulating in the blood—and so does the capacity of the thymus to produce new lymphocytes. New supplies of thymosin circulating in the blood may well increase resistance to all kinds of infections, to cancer, and to all manner of deteriorative changes, thus enhancing well-being and good health over a much longer period of years. This hypothesis, too, is already being tested in a preliminary way with aging cells in tissue culture.

BUT EVEN IF ALL THESE PROSPECTS were to be realized, how could thymosin help the transplant-rejection problem? Isn't this a case where the surveillance system works *too* well and the T-cells attack the foreign grafts and destroy them? This is indeed a case where an anti-thymosin serum may be required. Right now transplant teams use a variety of immunosuppressive techniques, some of them fairly radical, to knock out the T-cell system (usually the B-cell system as well, since there is no way to suppress them selectively). Anti-thymosin might be a gentler way to knock out the system—and then *only the T-cell system,* thus leaving the B-cells free to continue making antibodies against bacterial infections (which have killed many patients after an otherwise successful transplant). Moreover, once all the old lymphocytes were wiped out, thymosin could stimulate the production of new, mature lymphocytes from stem cells. These new lymphocytes would not have inherited any of the old memories—and thus might very well accept the formerly foreign graft tissue as legitimate parts of the body; and, in that case, no rejection would occur!

A similar effect might be achieved in auto-immune diseases. In such a disease, usually (though not always) late in life, the lymphocytes begin to attack certain of the body's own cells, mistaking them as foreign. This may occur through changes in the attacked cells, which have made them "look foreign," or changes in the lymphocytes, which have blurred their "judgment." In either case, newly constituted lymphocytes might again accept these changed cells as being part of the self rather than as enemies. If it turns out, as many now suspect, that rheumatoid arthritis, pernicious anemia, and multiple sclerosis, among others, are auto-immune diseases, then thymosin—if it can defeat auto-immunity—could have a broad impact indeed.

There is no way of telling at this early date which of the possibilities will become actualities in the therapeutic future or what the now-unforeseeable side effects of thymosin may be. In the complex immunological picture, it would be foolish to expect a single remedy to effect so many cures so easily. Nevertheless, all these speculations are well within the bounds of what is theoretically feasible. They give reasonable grounds for high hope and offer an idea of the kind of excitement and challenge that lie in the new era of immunological medicine that began the day the champagne flowed in San Francisco. □



"Remember, son, if at first you don't succeed, re-evaluate the situation, draw up various hypotheses for your failure, choose reasonable corrective measures, and try, try again."

Answers to *Wit Twister* (see page 40): Tibers, bister, biters, bestir, tribes.

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 34): All happy families resemble one another; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. Tolstoy

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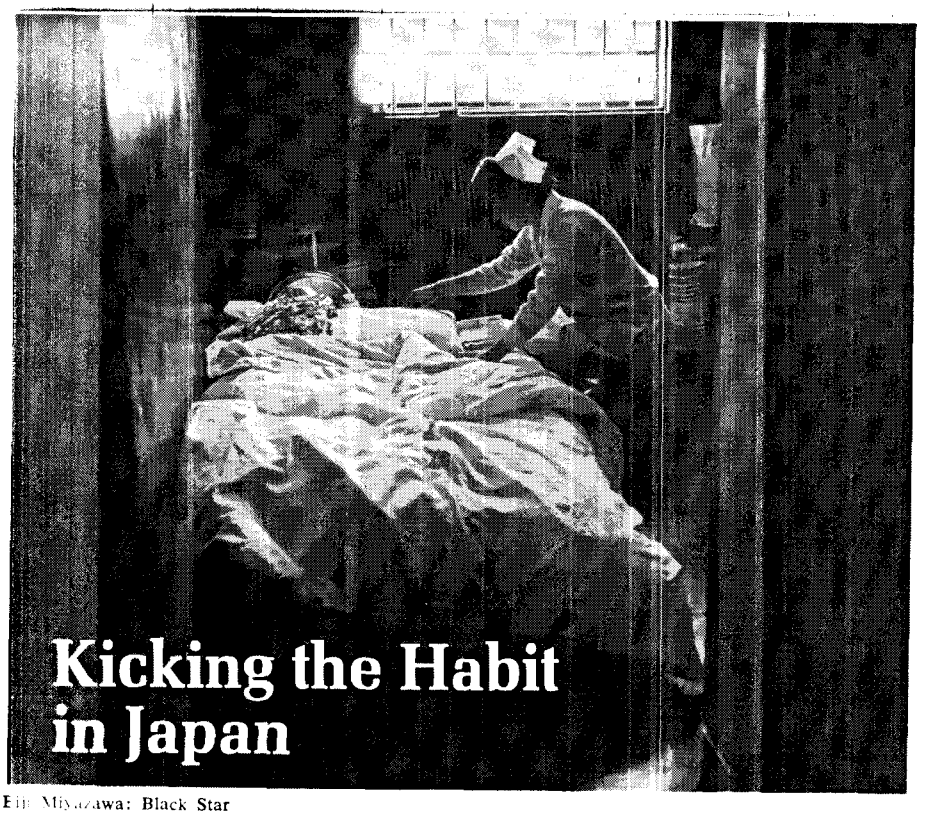

Kicking the Habit in Japan

Eiji Miyazawa: Black Star
Serigayaen Mental Hospital's "protection" room in Yokohama—Five-year plan.

by Donald and Susanne Kirk

Yokohama, Japan

"We had our last heroin addict in Yokohama in 1960, before this center even opened," said Doctor Yoshio Ishikawa, director of the city's Serigayaen Mental Hospital, one of nine Japanese clinics designed especially for the treatment of narcotics problems. "I don't think there are any heroin addicts in the area today." This is no standard overstatement; it is virtually true—not only for Yokohama but also for all mainland Japan. Since the passage of a tough narcotics-control law in 1963, Japanese police claim to have wiped out what might have become a heroin and LSD epidemic. They have done so by enforcing a series of draconian measures as yet untried—at least on such a scale—by Western nations.

The drug problem hit Japan with jarring abruptness after World War II. Before then the Japanese had successfully resisted the ravages of opium that had weakened their Chinese neighbors, and narcotics addiction of any kind was rare. But after the war, partly as a result of the economic and psychological depressions that it engendered, the number of police-identified "latent heroin addicts" rose swiftly—to 200,000 by 1960. Forty thousand of those, according to a conservative estimate, were proved cases. Now, a decade later, Japan's rate of narcotics addiction is lower than that of any other industrialized, non-Communist nation—an achievement resulting from a society-wide effort that ranges from police action to medical care.

It is not really possible to compare the Japanese and the American drug problems because the two cultures, beneath their superficial similarities, are so vastly different. When Japanese officials cite their disturbing statistics and trends, they are dealing in relatively minuscule numbers. Also, it is difficult for a foreigner to understand—and for most Japanese to verbalize—the centripetal forces that hold Japanese society together.

"The key to success in controlling narcotics here must be the common sense of the people that crimes involving narcotics rank second only to those involving murder." So said Akira Onitake, chief narcotics officer for the national Ministry of Health and Welfare. Thin and bespectacled, Onitake combines the attitude of a detached scholar with that of an uncompromising, efficient crusader. The primary reasons for Japan's general rejection of addicting drugs, he pointed out to us, are the twin characteristics of the national culture: a homogeneous society distinguished by rigid adherence to discipline and communal loyalty as well as by a strong family system that provides effective moral education against the criminal use of drugs.

It is Japan's traditional opposition to the use of drugs, in fact, that has virtually eliminated serious protest against anti-drug measures adopted in 1963. The penalties stipulated by those measures may include life imprisonment. They generally range from ten to thirty years' incarceration with heavy fines and little prospect of probation—enough to give pause to almost all would-be offenders. The penalties were aimed chiefly at drug profiteers, and judging by arrest statistics, they have worked; the number of arrests has fallen from more than two thousand in 1963 to an average of little more than one hundred over the past five years.

In dealing with addicts, the law has been equally effective. Each case of addiction becomes a focal point of careful scrutiny by doctors and lawyers experienced in narcotics work. Sitting on a regional Council on Narcotics Addiction appointed by the governor, they decide how long the addict should be hospitalized and whether or not he should also be prosecuted.

"If a policeman finds a suspect, he must inform the governor at once," said a sharp-eyed narcotics officer named Takayuki Matsuishi. "The governor orders a doctor to check and then, if the result is positive, authorizes the order for the patient to enter a drug center." The patient at this point becomes a statistic on the tables computed by the Ministry of Health and Welfare, but the local Council on Narcotics Addiction does not consider prosecuting him unless there is evidence that he has knowingly manufactured, sold, or imported dangerous drugs. The rationale for this seemingly liberal approach is that otherwise addicts would not be likely to "volunteer" for rehabilitation. "A man could become addicted while taking drugs to relieve physical pain," explained Matsuishi. "We do not want to discourage him from turning himself in at a drug center of his own free will."

Once inside the center, however, the addict experiences a form of torture largely unknown in the United States—"cold-turkey" withdrawal. Although the use of methadone for the treatment of addicts is permitted in Japan, the drug is not used. In the straightforward explanation of a government "white paper": ". . . Our specialists in narcotics treatment have come to the conclusion that neither methadone replacement therapy nor methadone maintenance is necessary." Narcotic drugs of any kind

Donald Kirk is Far East correspondent for the Chicago Tribune. *His wife, Susanne, is an editor for Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc., Tokyo book publishers.*

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"The key to success in controlling narcotics here must be the common sense of the people that crimes involving narcotics rank second only to those involving murder."

are prohibited immediately on hospitalization. Specialists here use the term "cold turkey" without benefit of translation—and the fear of it, they say, acts as a deterrent to drug abuse.

The practice of cold-turkey withdrawal epitomizes the contrast between Japanese and American attitudes on the narcotics problem—and possibly on the underlying political and social philosophies. "I do understand that you [Americans] emphasize individualism and respect for human rights," Onitake told us. "But for social betterment, we think our drastic treatment works better." The memory of cold turkey is so bitter, he claimed, that almost no patients become addicted again after their release from a treatment center. Onitake criticized American courts because they let those charged with narcotics-related crimes go free on bail—or else simply fine them. "That system is very indulgent," he said. "Here in Japan everyone knows, through our education and anti-drug campaign, that narcotics use is a crime that can eventually destroy your life and your country." Once a court or a jury has indicted a drug offender, "he will not be released until he is finally convicted and finishes his sentence in jail. Otherwise, he will merely commit the same crime again and again."

The difference between the two nations' approaches is illustrated by the island prefecture of Okinawa, which reverted to Japanese control in 1972 after twenty-seven years of American occupation. Under comparatively loose American control and permanently populated by some fifty thousand American military men, Okinawa, by the time of reversion, was infested with drug addicts and peddlers. They prospered along the brightly lit GI strips surrounding the bases and operated in collusion with American pushers and smugglers. The Japanese national police agency, fearful that the Okinawan drug trade would extend to the mainland, dispatched twenty-four narcotics policemen—three or four times the normal number—to "clean up" Okinawa. By the end of 1972 they had arrested 210 suspects, nearly three-quarters of them Americans. In June 1973 the police smashed an American ring accused of smuggling some fifty-five million dollars' worth of heroin into Okinawa in the preceding twelve months. Among those charged were an American civilian doctor at an army hospital and the manager of the local chapter of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The Japanese crackdown on narcotics encompasses marijuana, which many Western drug experts consider a relatively benign substance. It was not a popular drug in Japan until the mid-Sixties, when increasing numbers of young Japanese began traveling, studying, and working overseas. Some of them inevitably experimented with marijuana and stashed small quantities in their suitcases when they returned to Japan. Because the weed is not covered by the 1963 narcotics law, users of it can be prosecuted only under the much more lenient "cannabis-control law," adopted in 1948 to limit the growing use of cannabis among U.S. troops during the occupation. (Marijuana was so negligible a problem in Japan before the war that authorities encouraged farmers to cultivate cannabis plants to get the fibers for industrial and military purposes.)

The government has not yet strengthened the 1948 law, but officials believe that they have finally reversed the upward trend in the use of marijuana. The number of arrests, which peaked at about five hundred last year, now is declining. At the same time, the Ministry of Health and Welfare, cooperating with prefectural governments, each summer burns out fields of hemp growing wild in the countryside lest, as one official remarked, "curious 'hippies' or youngsters are influenced to experiment."

The authorities' greatest concern at the moment, however, is not marijuana or even heroin. It is stimulants, particularly the drug philopon, which, ironically, first caught on with the full approval of Japanese military leaders in World War II. "In wartime, philopon was mass-produced and taken by soldiers to keep themselves awake and alert and excited to fight," said Akira Onitake. "It makes you feel energetic and hypnotically excited." Stocks of philopon left over from the war went on the black market almost immediately after the surrender, and organized gangs soon were manufacturing and distributing more. In 1951 the government passed a stimulant-control law—laying the foundation, according to the Ministry of Health and Welfare, for "rigorous control" of amphetamines and methamphetamines in Japan before any other country had done so.

A national police official blames the renaissance of stimulants in large part on the Koreans—whom most Japanese, under any circumstances, regard with a sense of undisguised superiority. "Koreans who have lived in Japan return to Korea to manufacture the drugs," he said. "Then Japanese gangsters go to Korea and bring the drug back here. It is difficult to manufacture philopon in Japan because the smell is so distinctive that neighbors notify the police."

The police now regard the manufacture, import, distribution, and sale of stimulants as the most profitable racket for Japanese organized crime. With their typical precision and efficiency, police officials figure that organized gangs in the first three months of 1973 earned some six hundred million yen—about two million dollars—from the drug trade in general. (The next best sources of income were blackmail and gambling, good for 500 million yen each, in the same period.) Dealing in drugs, however, remains a fairly specialized occupation. Only 150 or 160 of exactly 2808 gangs, totaling 120,346 members in all Japan, are now engaging in the trade, according to the incredibly detailed calculations of the national police. The influx of stimulants has been so alarming that last July the director-general of the national police agency issued a special order demanding "complete extermination" of the racket "through radical and strict control." A revised stimulant-control law, effective since November 1973, makes the manufacture and sale of stimulants almost as severe a crime as that of heroin or LSD.

Not that a tough line on stimulants is necessarily the right one. Dr. Ishikawa, at Serigayaen Mental Hospital, predicted that its long-range effect may be to drive potential addicts to seek new forms of release: "For instance, if a husband and wife are having problems, the wife will take sleeping pills and become addicted to them and the husband will play with bar girls and will become alcoholic." The doctor admits that the number of philopon addicts is decreasing as a result of tough police pressure, but he contends that many of them are now turning to alcohol—a narcotic that the Japanese tend to regard as a socially acceptable form of

(*Continued on page 59.*)

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Double-Crostic No. 51

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 Y	2 R	3 H	4 T		5 H	6 V	7 A	8 G		9 K	10 R	11 U	12 P	13 T		14 S									
15 O		16 C	17 Y	18 H	19 E	20 U		21 P	22 A	23 J	24 V		25 Q	26 C	27 V										
28 R	29 X	30 W	31 N	32 Q	33 C	34 O	35 U		36 S	37 B		38 U	39 E	40 A		41 O									
42 K	43 W	44 H	45 V		46 E	47 P		48 J	49 U		50 M	51 Z¹	52 H	53 I	54 B										
55 D	56 V	57 K	58 O	59 Q	60 P	61 H	62 M		63 A	64 E	65 T		66 B	67 J	68 Z	69 P									
	70 A	71 L	72 K	73 T		74 W	75 M	76 D	77 T	78 H		79 V	80 E	81 K	82 B										
83 I	84 X		85 E	86 N	87 T	88 F		89 L	90 H	91 Z¹		92 Z	93 Q	94 P		95 I									
96 U		97 Z		98 H	99 P	100 Z	101 D	102 T	103 F	104 C	105 O		106 L	107 A	108 E	109 R									
110 Z¹	111 G		112 B	113 M	114 Y	115 H		116 Z¹	117 C	118 F		119 W	120 S	121 B	122 H	123 E									
	124 I	125 Q	126 X	127 S	128 F	129 M	130 L	131 Z	132 R		133 V	134 H		135 N	136 C	137 H									
138 P	139 F	140 V		141 S	142 L		143 K	144 F	145 D	146 T	147 G		148 T	149 Z	150 L	151 P									
	152 X		153 U	154 M	155 K	156 G	157 P		158 E	159 H	160 F	161 L	162 U		163 U	164 J									
	165 T	166 M	167 W	168 D		169 J	170 Z¹		171 F	172 M	173 N	174 T		175 M	176 Q	177 Z									
	178 O	179 I	180 T		181 L	182 X		183 B	184 E	185 S	186 C	187 G	188 T	189 D	190 Z¹										

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Close-fitting dress, skirt, or coat	7 22 40 63 70 107
B. Crisp, plain-woven fabric used especially for men's clothing	112 121 183 37 54 66 82
C. He won a Nobel Prize in medicine, 1908	104 117 136 16 33 186 26
D. Very popular food of the nightshade family	55 76 101 145 168 189
E. President of the Reich, 1925–34	39 46 64 80 108 123 158 184 19 85
F. Bring to flame, ardor, activity, etc.	118 139 103 160 171 88 128 144
G. Sharp; spruce	147 156 187 8 111
H. 1912 Edward Madden–Gus Edwards song hit (2 wds.)	5 44 61 98 137 3 18 52 78 90 115 122 134 159
I. Egg-shaped	179 53 83 95 124
J. Strip; belt	164 169 23 48 67
K. Bring into discord or conflict	81 155 9 42 57 72 143
L. Indian chief of Virginia (ca. 1550–1618)	130 142 181 71 89 106 150 161
M. Beanery (2 wds.)	166 175 50 75 113 129 154 62 172
N. Shelter for sheep, pigs, etc.	31 86 135 173

CLUES	WORDS
O. Associate on very friendly terms	178 15 41 105 34 58
P. Set up	99 157 47 69 138 151 12 21 60 94
Q. Quiescent; veiled	59 93 25 125 176 32
R. English author (ca. 1660–1731; *Roxana*)	132 2 28 109 10
S. Rank	120 36 141 14 127 185
T. Leading *Mayflower* pilgrim (1595–1655), negotiated treaty with Massasoit (full name)	4 65 165 102 146 174 148 188 13 73 77 87 180
U. Compline (2 wds.)	20 163 11 153 38 96 49 35 162
V. Fascinate	79 45 24 56 133 140 6 27
W. Viceroy or deputy governor under the Mogul empire in India	30 43 74 167 119
X. Rouault, Vlaminck, or Dufy, for instance	84 152 29 126 182
Y. Beach on the south coast of Oahu	17 1 114
Z. Disconcerted; embarrassed	68 92 97 100 149 131 177
Z_1 Mouse, for instance	110 51 91 170 190 116

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 50* appears on page 27.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Smashing

Mr. Elliott Graham, of New York City, writes:

I'm watching with horror the growing acceptance of that weary old British adjective *smashing*. It's been a long fight, but the fashion editors and the advertising copywriters have finally established what I feel is a permanent beachhead in this country. Now it turns up in interviews with all the new young film and television personalities who have made their first visit to London—and it ruins (for me) all kinds of unlikely news stories. I see no possible way to stunt its growth.

He may be right, but it's my feeling that *smashing*, like many other Anglicisms, travels badly. Not that it sounds worse in Pittsburgh than in Manchester, but that it sounds worse in an American accent than in an English accent. There are certain usages that are at home in English English and others that are at home in American English that don't do well when they go visiting.

In fact, I take back something I said about a month ago. I suggested the possibility of the adoption into American of the English interrogative "what?" as employed to such great effect by the late Nigel Bruce: "I say, Holmes—frightful, what?" It won't work in American, and the same goes for *smashing*.

My earliest memory of the use of *smashing* to mean "sensational" is of a postcard somewhere on the Côte d'Azur in the early Fifties. It had a drawing of a lot of bikinied nifties on a beach with the scrawled caption "The mamzelles here are smashing." Its meaning was clear from the context, but the word *smashing* struck me as bizarre at the time; so I bought the card and sent it to a friend in New York. Afterward, I heard *smashing* used constantly by Britishers in Europe—smashing girl, smashing day, smashing party. I liked it, but, except when imitating an Englishman, I don't think I ever said it.

It's a question of what fits, and I think it's largely discretionary. I had a cousin, born and raised in New York City, who in his early teens referred to "blighters." I don't know why. Perhaps he was too well-read for his age. He may have felt comfortable saying "nasty blighter" and "he's a decent blighter"; I never asked him about it, but it made me uneasy. It was as though George Wallace started complaining about someone's *chutzpah*, or Lieutenant Columbo said, "Listen, I don't wanna pry, but it looks like you had quite a *bagarre* here."

I once heard an Englishman described as "a very hunty-fishy-shooty sort of chap." That's a phrase that can be used only by a certain sort of person —one not merely English, but a particular *type* of English. Or the description of a young Englishwoman: "very jolly-hockey-sticks." Now, 999,999 out of 1,000,000 English-speaking people would sound ridiculous saying that, but when I heard it, it sounded just right, because it was said by the right sort of person. Certain expressions should be limited to the people who know how to handle them.

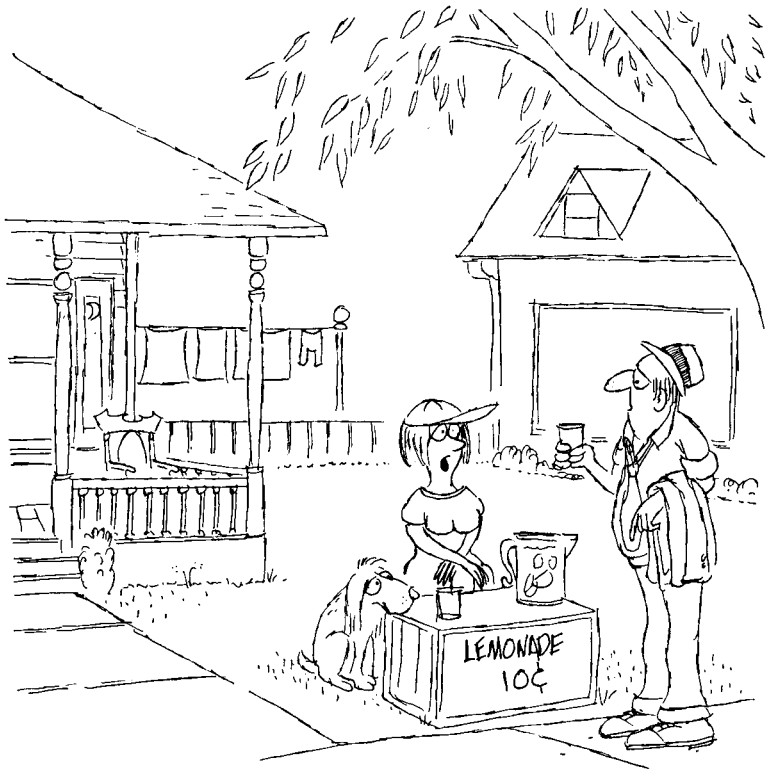
A fellow named Amarillo Slim has had a lot of publicity in the last couple of years as a champion poker player, all-around gambler, and colorful character. When he was asked how it felt to drop $50,000 in one poker game, he drawled, "It shore put an early frost on mah peach trees." An excellent reply, but only for one with the proper style. I have no idea whether Amarillo Slim owns peach trees. It's not important. Terry-Thomas can talk about a smashing performance, but he'd be all wrong trying "an early frost on mah peach trees."

Mr. Graham may be right. *Smashing* may have established a permanent beachhead here, but I doubt it. He bridles at it, as I do (though in my case it brings back memories of the Côte d'Azur, so it's not all bad). I think there's an element of affectation in *smashing* that is sensed by even the TV and film personalities who say it; so I feel that its beachhead is tenuous at best. We went through a period when everyone who had spent a couple of afternoons on the Via Veneto and then got on a TV talk show was saying *"Ciao"* to everyone.

Jet flight has mingled cultures and languages as never before, and you may call me provincial, but I think that the Americans who *ciao*'ed one another on nationwide TV are the spiritual sons and daughters of Fran Dodsworth.

It's been a long time since I've heard *ciao* on TV. Maybe I'm just watching the wrong shows, but I hope the Americanization of *ciao* has withered of its own fatuousness.

It could be wishful thinking, but I predict the same fate for the Americanization of *smashing*. □



"We're teaching our son free enterprise. While he's at the movies, I'm tending his stand and his father is covering his paper route."

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(**Japan Drug Program:** *from page 56.*) release after hours. In fact, young Japanese on the town like to compete with each other to see how much liquor they can consume. Late at night, Japanese men reel through the subways, often vomiting in the aisles or on the station platforms.

"Government policy should be directed toward the addicts rather than the drugs," said Dr. Ishikawa. "The people living in the slum areas of Tokyo and Yokohama are the most likely to become multi-drug addicts or alcoholics. The government should wipe out the ghettos and improve social conditions." His own program, financed almost entirely by the national and prefectural governments, bespeaks this kind of social awareness. A staff of five psychiatrists, three social workers, three psychologists, and thirty-six nurses is assigned to the Serigayaen Hospital to administer to what is usually a lesser number of narcotics in-patients. An addict is likely to remain in the hospital for a minimum of one month and a maximum of six months—including a week or ten days of withdrawal in a locked, barred "protection" room. After discharge he returns for regular check-ups and discussions for a period of five years or for however long a time the psychiatrists believe is required before he can return to a "healthy" life.

IT IS INDICATIVE of the highly organized nature of Japanese society that, upon release, patients are expected to join an organization of former patients. Even after they no longer have to return to the hospital for conferences with clinical psychologists and social workers, they remain members of their organization, counseling and encouraging new members in the manner of Alcoholics Anonymous. Their families, including aunts and uncles, are urged to join still other associations for relatives of former addicts.

While asking officials to focus on the social causes of Japanese drug addiction, Dr. Ishikawa admitted that rigorous enforcement of tough laws will probably be effective. "If there are more severe laws against drugs," he told us, "patients are less likely to return to the hospital a second or third time, because the people have respect for the law." Yet the fear of humiliation and disgrace—in the eyes of peers, employers, relatives, and friends —remains the ultimate weapon. "We live," the doctor said, "in a culture of shame. There is no better deterrent to drug addiction than shame." □

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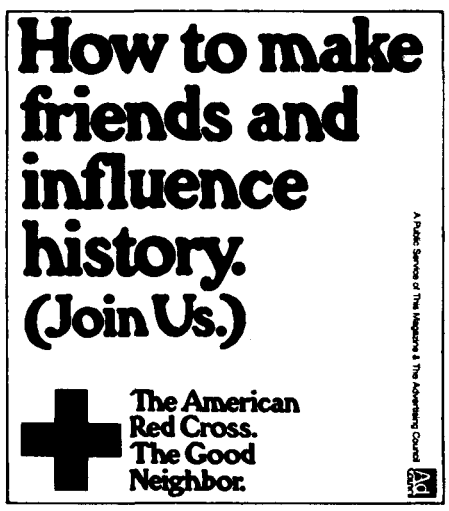
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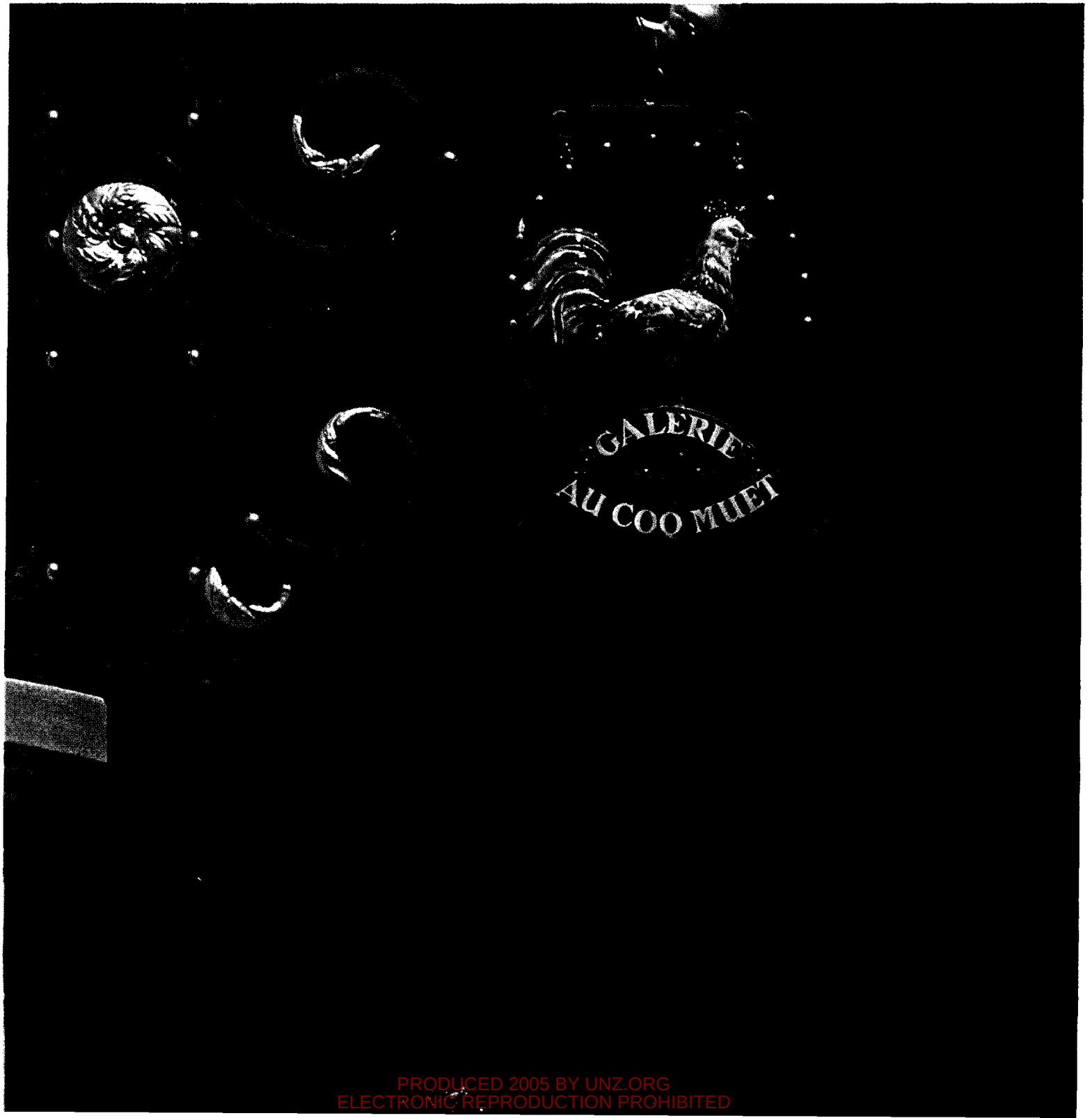

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